

LONDON SOCIETY.

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FROM SATURDAY TO MONDAY.



A MONG the smaller social phenomena of London life, among those changes which are insensibly altering and modifying its characteristics, the Saturday to Monday holiday has a great and increasing influence. Leisure is a priceless boon, an admirable thing for those who have worked for it and can appreciate it, and though Sunday too often only means a dull day to those who have nothing to do, yet to the workers the pause from Saturday to Monday means the

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most blissful part of the week. Mr. Disraeli, in an often-quoted passage of '*Lothair*', makes Lord St. Aldegonde say that he hates a Sunday in the country, whereupon a bishop who is staying there, and seems rather to answer to Bishop Wilberforce, justly opines that it is high time that they should get ready and go to church. Now, to most Londoners a Sunday in the country is the very height of enjoyment. I do not say that to all persons, much weighted with this

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world's multifarious engagements, that break from the Saturday to the Monday is not the most precious and enjoyable part of the week. Let the theologians and the anti-theologians argue as they like, the rest is simply beatific and divine. Of course a man gets the full value of it who simply leaves off his monotonous work and is able to subside into the bosom of his family. An immense number of London *patres-familiae* only see their children for a few minutes before they start for their offices, and would know very little about them were it not for the half-holiday on the Saturday and the whole one on the Sunday. The Sunday gives a man time to make love to his wife and endear himself to his children, and do his parish church and take a long walk in the cool, and to wind himself up, generally speaking, for a fresh start. But the expression 'From Saturday to Monday' now means a particular kind of thing. It means that you are going out of town for that space of time. Every Saturday a sort of Exodus goes on, much to the profit and delight of cabs and companies, but perhaps rather to the annoyance of town friends, town tradesmen, and the London parsons. There is an extra traffic in the streets. There is an extra bustle at the stations. At the theatres there is comparatively a poor performance and a poor house; to a great extent each audience is a paper audience. London, even in the height of the season, on a Saturday evening looks very much as it does when London is out of town. People who have their residences within fifty miles of town constantly resort to them from Saturday to Monday during the parliamentary session. The fashion this way seems to be setting in, increasingly, every season. It is hard for a family man to go out of town with all his belongings, but not unfrequently he gets or takes leave of absence. The good wife will, perhaps, insist that he shall go, if she thinks that he looks fagged, although this means that she herself will have a dull time of it. As for the bachelor untram-

melled by ties, the world is all before him, whether he will go forth as his own guest or accept some of his invitations; and it is among these domesticities that he has the best chance of getting up some day a domesticity of his own. If he is of a social turn of mind he will remember the new shops of fishmongers and poulters, which always spring up in the neighbourhood of a terminus, with an express view to the hospitality or politeness of Saturday-Mondays.

It is not a bad plan, by-the-way, if you want to note in what kind of estimation a man is held by his own folk, to visit the house while the chief is away on a customary Saturday to Monday. I remember a family who had a lovely place, we will say at Richmond—only it wasn't Richmond. Now if a man is a nice man, you will find that in all probability he takes a wife or a daughter with him when he goes out of town; you will find that his absence is talked about and deplored, and that the home and the home party are perceptibly the duller for the separation. The Richmond house was a nice house, of the five thousand a-year style, with a choice cellar and some clever girls. I am afraid the father was a bit of a Blue Beard, a domestic tyrant in his way. He was a money-grubbing man, and liked to stay from Saturday to Monday, whether in town or country, with money-minded men. I, wearied law-student, never wished to spend my Saturday to Monday more pleasantly than at Richmond. We used to transact a regular little farce. It might happen that instead of going away to his money-grubbers he had his money-grubbers down to him, or was doing his money-grubbing by himself. In that case I speedily discovered his existence before I had been two minutes in the house. The young ladies made a stately courtesy. The mother extended a flaccid hand. The old gentleman put me through a sharp series of cross-examining questions, as if I were a prevaricating witness at the Old Bailey, and by his *humps* pretty clearly indicated his opinion that I should never come to any

good. I retired in a discomfited condition after an interlocution of twenty minutes. How different was the scene when the old fellow had had the good taste to take himself off somewhere! ‘Oh, mamma, here’s Harry Bobus come!’ was the delighted scream that went up from the floor of the house to the bedroom. Mamma was down presently, insisting that John should go round to the station for your bag, and telling you that the same room was ready which you had before. Then the girls were quite ready for a walk in the park or a row on the river. Or I walked in the garden declaiming Tennyson’s last poem—I think it was *Maud*—or giving my impressions on the last number of Thackeray’s serial. The good mother would give us a supper including claret cup or champagne. That night we went to bed at whatever hour we pleased. The next morning the girls would give playful taps at my bedroom door to let me know that they were going into the garden. Mamma was very nice, and insisted that we should all go to church. I felt so good, in the middle of that billowy sea of muslin, looking over Alice’s hymn-book, and toning myself down by Jessie’s demure, downcast eyes. Through the summer evening we had sacred music, hymn upon hymn, anthem upon anthem. All that time the old banker perhaps would not waste a thought on me who had not even a banker’s book, or, if I had one, would run through my balance with startling rapidity. But I think he lost a great deal—much of what I gained—in not cultivating his own folk from Saturday to Monday.

I remember an incident which happened at a little inn which, in by-gone days, I used greatly to frequent. It only lay some ten miles out of town, and there was no railway in the immediate vicinity. Immediately out of the town, as soon as you had passed a sweet country church, you came upon the brow of a hill overlooking a rich and picturesque valley. One Sunday morning a carriage arrived, and a gentleman, who was its solitary inmate, speedily found his way to the brow of the

hill. With his cloak loosely thrown around him he remained on the grassy slope the whole of the day. He smoked a good deal, and much he looked around him, and at times he seemed deep in thought, and greatly he seemed to enjoy the stillness and sweetness of the scene. I think he strolled back to the inn and had some refreshment; but his whole business of the day was to lie on the turf and imbibe the fresh air and look about him. It so happened that the odd visitant left a small and rather curious bunch of keys behind him. The people of the place had put him down as a harmless lunatic; but next day there came a letter from one of the most famous men in England—a great statesman and author—making an inquiry after some private keys of great importance which he had left behind him.

You are going out of town from Saturday to Monday. If you are wise, or rather, if you are lucky, you will take the facilities which are offered by the railway companies, and leave town on the Friday, and return by the last train on Monday evening. It is getting quite common among many people to annex the whole Saturday or Monday as supplementary to the Sunday. Every wise man takes a little bit of work along with him, briefs, blue-books, books for review, letters, whatever it may be. He would not willingly waste any time, or suffer from that most contemptible disorder of *ennui*. But if he is a wise man he will also take great care to let this business entirely alone, and confine himself to the proper pursuit of the holiday. We will suppose that some man who has got a nice place in the country has asked you to come down for the Sunday. I hold that it is the duty of people who have nice places in the country to ask people who haven’t to come down to rest and enjoy themselves. How delicious is the feeling with which you turn your key on your books or your business, take your valise and carpet-bag, perhaps meet your friend at the terminus, and go down with him. You have now the leisure and capacity to enjoy the pleasant-

ness and beauty of the country. I know of no countryside so perfectly lovely as the country around London. To my mind it has a beauty of its own as unique as anything Swiss or Italian. It has all the richest beauties of cultivation. There is also some genuine wild country, as those will admit who know Shirley Common and Addington Park. To my mind no railway, viaduct, or turnpike road can spoil that beauty, for such forms part of the moral meaning of the landscape. I like greatly the rapid railway travel, for it enables you to take a quick bird's-eye view of the whole range of country, and understand its nature and configuration. But you are equally pleased when your friend's trap meets you at the station, and you drive leisurely and well-pleased through the shady lanes. Then the ladies come out on the lawn to meet you, in their delicious white muslins, and give you their hearty greeting. Your host has perhaps got up a dinner-party for your special behoof, or you are equally pleased if you spend the evening in that pleasant home circle. It is such a comfort in the country, when you are weary or sleepy, to know that you have not got a long drive or walk, but can retire restful to your room, perhaps to listen at the open casement to the nightingale, and then to awake at morn to the balmy air, the sweet sounds, the pleasant pictures of country life.

Then as for the Sunday, a great deal depends on what your theory of the Sunday may happen to be. It is as well that you should have a clear understanding on this point with your host. If you are a quiet man you will hardly care to have a grand, oppressive dinner on the Sunday; and if you are a social man you will hardly care to be booked for a Puritanic day when you accepted that invitation. I think that men might arbitrate and accept some kind of compromise. Every English gentleman, as a matter of courtesy, ought to give his guest the opportunity of attending the Matins and Evensong of the church. In most country churches there is afternoon service; or if there is an evening

service, which is something of a modern innovation, that affords an opportunity for that pleasantest of all meals, the supper. I confess I like a cheerful supper-party on the Sunday; but then I should stipulate that the company should be simply cheerful, and not numerous, and that the supper, though plentiful, should be simple and inexpensive. Good George Herbert tells us in his 'Country Parson,' that he liked to have his friends around him to supper on a Sunday evening—a precedent which merits respect. I think there is a medium point between the Scottish and the Continental Sunday, which is tolerably attained in most English families, and we are all interested in maintaining its pure, harmonious tone. For the great point of the holiday is, after all, the stillness and repose. Young people in the rackets of high spirits cannot be brought to understand this. When they are told that the father or the mother 'wishes to be quiet,' that seems to be a very strange and impossible way of enjoying oneself. But there are certain seasons—and indeed the season comes to most people—when tranquil meditation forms the shadiest, pleasantest nook of existence. I do not see why even young children should not at times be taught the divine lessons of solitude and silence. I believe the sedate Quaker children are taught to fold their hands and be still for a long time together. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck tells us that this was what she had to do when young, and how much good it did her. It is much that people should understand and feel how desirable is some measure of rest and change. It would be as well for them to understand that the very core and secret of this rest and change consists in rest and thankfulness, calm and freedom from care. It is really no change for people who are busy all the week to be busiest of all on Sunday—who go out every night to have their largest party of all on the Sunday evening. I take it that the muscles want rest, that the nervous system wants soothings; that the immaterial part of our nature, which during the week is so much

sunk in the material part, should be allowed to assert itself. This it is that makes even the rest of a solitary Sunday something beneficial. I never yet knew a bad man who could endure to spend a day in his own company, or a good man but he would insist upon doing so at times. But still, let it not be imagined that restfulness means, as by necessity, mere solitude. That rest is best obtained when all the happier parts of our nature have been re-created and satisfied; when the eye has been gladdened by the fair natural scenes, which appeal to the innate sense of beauty; when the mind has been elevated with equal intercourse with mind, and heart with heart, and when the soul has ventured consciously into the presence-chamber of its Maker, and has not felt appalled, but tranquil and happy, when confronted with the awful mysteries of eternity.

The most obviously pleasant way of getting the most out of the holiday is to run down to the seaside. I have a theory that those get the best of the sea who do so. To all who live always by the sea, except very artistic people, the sea has, after a time, a certain monotony and a frequent sadness; but to those who live at some little distance, and can go there when they like, or those who can run down very frequently from Saturday to Monday, it seems to preserve its beauty and its brightness, and that infinite variety of which artists speak. There are certain Saturdays to Mondays on which a wonderful irruption sets into all seaside places, such as Eastertide and Whitsuntide. On such days the quiet local churches have an overflowing congregation. Indeed when I talk with people in railway carriages I am glad to find that they generally include attendance at church in the programme of their proceedings. Of course there are people who take the other line: 'No, old fellow, I

never enter a place of worship by any chance, and don't intend,' and those who will give you very irreverent and unbelieving reasons on the subject; but I believe sensible well-disposed people understand that our Father means us to be happy, and that there is no necessary divorce between our duty to Him and procuring due rest and enjoyment for our mixed nature. I only wish that I only better understood, and could make others better understand, this science of happiness. I only wish that all of us could get away from Saturday to Monday—a holiday that should include the largest part of the Saturday and the largest part of the Monday. I expect that the primary conditions of all enjoyment of holidays are work and tranquillity of mind. People have not had leisure perhaps because they have been unfit to comprehend the uses of leisure. As we grow in that happy knowledge, perhaps more time for recreation will be vouchsafed to us. It is remarkable that in colonies, where most of the fierce modern incitements to pleasure are wanting, holidays are much more abundant, and are more abundantly enjoyed. I have heard people say that colonial life, after our harassing London life, is simply perfect peace. In Australia the people insist on a Wednesday half-holiday, as well as the Saturday holiday. The shops are deserted, shut up, or left only in charge of an errand-boy. The people enjoy themselves by going with their baskets of provisions to the shore or into the fields and meadows—parents, children, friends, all alike enjoying the fresh air and quiet amusements. It would indeed be for the national weal if something of this sort could be reproduced on a large scale in our large cities. 'From Saturday to Monday' is a grand institution, but it is capable of infinite expansion and improvement.

MY FRIEND THE MINOR CANON.

BIG BEN had just boomed out five o'clock, and the thousand upon thousand clocks of London that do homage to that great potentate throned in the stately tower beside the river were repeating the royal words from church to church and house to house. So when a leading gossip of a village utters her oracle, the lesser gossips spread it quickly through the place; so when the senior basso of the choir has given forth his deep note, the choristerboys catch up the responses.

I was just back from a long tour in Froissart's country, and the sights and sounds of London came to me freshened by novelty. It was early summer, and the leaves of the invalid trees round St. Paul's and in the squares and parks were still green and transparent in the sun, and had a month or so before they would turn into dusty and theatrical-looking foliage, and look like side-scenes in the garish gaslight. It was pleasant, too, to meet a swaying cart-load of rank green sanfoin jolting round the corner of some dusty street, the envy of every passing cab-horse. I had only arrived in London the night before, and I was on my way to my club to see if I could hit upon one or two of my old friends, or hear of anything that had happened among my set during my absence.

Yes, there was my old friend Hargrave in his usual place, just as I had left him a year before; in that sunn arm-chair by the little table at the second window in the library, reading, I firmly believe, the same identical old volume of the 'Annual Register,' and wielding the identical same ivory paper-cutter as when I last saw him. There he was, clad in his unchangeable costume, his stock high as ever, his collars more obstinately sharp and old-fashioned; there was his bunch of seals and his strapped trousers—costume unchangeable as the British constitution. A boy had just brought him his usual cup of tea, and he was stirring it sternly as I approached. He was one of those

old men of the world who are never surprised (the Indian chief and the London man have this stoicism in common). I believe if I had risen through the floor at that moment, or stepped out of the French clock on the mantelpiece, Hargrave would have gone on slowly stirring his anteprandial tea in just the same manner. All he did was to turn down the old 'Annual Register' he was reading on the table, rise from his chair, and shake hands with me, after administering a slight wigging to the pert page-boy for not having brought more milk. His rosy old face turned, however, from March to April when he saw me, and he greeted me with the pleasant self-respecting formality of the old school, which never chills one.

"And how is our friend the Canon?" I asked; "still deep as ever in Cufic inscriptions?"

Hargrave's face changed again to March, and he shrugged his shoulders as he folded up his double eyeglass:

"Well, a most extraordinary change has come over him," he said, "and I can't make it out at all—not at all. He has given up his pleasant quartett parties, and is up to his eyes now in the most nonsensical speculations about alchemy and all that rubbish. I do really think it will turn his head if he goes on, I do indeed. (What disgraceful tea they bring you at this club.) He never dines here now, never comes into the whist-room, in fact, all his ways and doings are incomprehensible. Sometimes I think I've offended him, but how I really don't know, except that I laugh at the gibberish he goes about everywhere plaguing and boring you about. Stuff and nonsense; it really is enough to make one sick to hear a sensible man employ his time in looking after such nonsense. I can assure you, Chetwynd'—(here the worthy choleric old quidnunc laid his hand impressively on my arm)—'I can assure you that that man never enters the

library now without going straight to that big brown book you see there on the third shelf, right-hand side, on the left of the door. It is a volume of Cornelius Agrippa, or some such impostor; and there he'll take it and pore over it for hours, speaking to no one, not even me, sir, not even me, if you'll believe it, except in monosyllables. Now what do you actually think, the last time we dined together at his house, he had the absurdity to say?

I could not guess; I was just going to say I gave it up, when Hargrave touched my arm with a look not unworthy of a second-rate Hamlet on beholding his father's ghost. The door at the end of the library had opened on its velvet hinges, and there had glided in my old friend, lost in thought, and making straight for the particular spot in the bookcase just indicated by Hargrave. He took out the volume, then with the abstracted gaze of a sleep-walker glided to an arm-chair by the third window, and was instantly absorbed in study.

'There, you see,' said Hargrave. 'Oh, he is going, decidedly going, and he used to be one of the most genial and sociable fellows in the club. It would be a mercy, I declare, to burn all those nonsensical books.'

I went up to the window. The Canon's fine meditative face (not unlike that of Sir Isaac Newton) was sallower than when I had last seen him, his silky white hair seemed more careless and disordered. When I spoke to him he looked up in a dreamy way, which gradually brightened into his old, well-bred heartiness, and he rose and shook both my hands warmly.

'I am delighted to see you,' he said; 'I often think of you. Only this morning at breakfast I and my niece were wondering whether you were ever coming back—thought perhaps you had bought some old château in Gaston de Foix' country, and were going to turn French seigneur for the rest of your life. As for me, Chetwynd, I am absorbed in a now and most engrossing study, which every day brings me nearer to secrets of the most boundless

value. 'But you must come and dine with me to-morrow, you and Hargrave, and we must hear all your travels.'

Hargrave came up, mollified at the expansion of his old friend's manner to me, and we both accepted the invitation. We left the Canon buried in the old brown-leaved book. As we went down the broad steps into the hall, Hargrave stopped and began again about Hardwick's eccentricities.

'Dawson tells me,' he said—'you remember Dawson, the organist, who used to come and play those fine bits from Palestrina—that the Canon goes up every evening into the Golden Gallery, and remains there a considerable time, alone generally, after the place is shut up from the public. Dawson thinks he goes up there for some astronomical reason. I know the people are anxious he shall get away from his books, but he won't move. He gets very angry if that nice little niece of his even proposes such a thing.'

'Well,' I said, 'to-morrow we shall judge for ourselves. Not a word about alchemy, mind, unless he begins.'

'Catch me,' said Hargrave, knowingly; 'quite enough of it last time —talked from seven till midnight, and lost all our muse. There is one thing, his port is very fine, very choice indeed; some of the Marquis of Hertford's, I believe—very choice.'

The Canon was quite himself the next day, urbane, courteous, chatty, and attentive. The Canon's pretty niece, just old enough to assume the rank of hostess, put on a dignity which her laughing eyes showed you was only girlish acting.

Once or twice I thought I saw her glance anxiously at her uncle, and several times I noticed, how, with a woman's exquisite tact, she addressed her conversation specially to Hargrave, who still remained a little silent and reserved, as if somewhat hurt at his friend's neglect. As we rose to open the door for Miss Hardwick when she left after dinner, she whispered to me—

'Pray don't let them quarrel; I am sure there is going to be something happen. Pray, dear Mr. Chat-

wynd, do turn the conversation as soon as you can.'

The Canon waved his hand towards his bookcases, which were brimming with new treasures.

'Ah, I saw where your eyes fell,' he said, to Hargrave's dismay. 'I have just bought all those treasures, the works of Synesius and Zosimus, Avicenna, Rhazes, and Alfaragiis. Those red-labelled books are the works of the divine Paracelsus; behind them is Lydgate's "Secreta Secretorum" and Albertus Magnus.'

Hargrave tried to give me a look. The Canon caught him and transfixed him with a glance.

'Now as I know you are both sceptics,' said the Canon, taking down an old work, 'I feel compelled to tell you something now of the discoveries these strange books have (thanks to God) led me to. These incomparable men, under mysterious allegories, I have found after great study, concealed processes, not to make gold, as the vulgar thought, but really—'

'To humbug people out of their money,' said Hargrave, passing the decanter scornfully, as if it was a hated object.

'Certain natures,' said the Canon, with bitter emphasis, but not looking at the aggressor, 'are incapable of understanding abstract truths of any kind.'

I put in a word for Hargrave, who scraped viciously at a filbert, and looked uncomfortable.

'I'll now disclose a great discovery,' the Canon said, excitedly. 'The real secret these allegories concealed was the elixir of life—yes, the philosopher's stone, the bird of Hermes, the hunting of the green lion, the river of pearl, the star-soul—all these terms of the art that seem so absurd to men like Hargrave were mere cyphers, to conceal the truth I have discovered. Yes, I chased this Proteus through all the transmutations, from the dolphin to the black eagle, from the plumed swan to the peacock's tail, from the green lion to the crimson dragon, from the red man to the white wife.'

'And much good may it do you —pass the port,' said Hargrave,

spitefully crunching a plum-stone with the nut-crackers; 'parcel of rubbish.'

The Minor Canon luckily did not hear these mutterings, and went on. 'Yes, at last,' he said, 'Heaven at last sent me a messenger, who by one word enabled me to thread the twelve gates of Azoth's palace, and read the secret of secrets.'

'And what is it worth now you have got it?' said Hargrave. 'I'd rather have discovered a new plate-warmer.'

'It was this extraordinary passage,' went on the Canon, 'in Dr. Dee's "Fasciculus Chemicus" that the stranger explained to me.' The Minor Canon then took down an old worm-eaten book, and began reading a rhapsodical passage about a red dragon that was to be shut up with seven noble eagles, &c.: in forty-five days the eagles tore the dragon to pieces; from its carcase a crow generated, at length in a gentle and long rain it was changed into a white swan, and then turned into a dove, which burnt in a fire of the lion's rage turned to dust, and that dust was the elixir.

'It reads very like a charade,' said Hargrave. 'Chetwynd, the bottle is with you.'

'I have the elixir here, my friend; I already grasp the treasure,' said the Minor Canon, rising and going to a steel casket of fine Renaissance work, 'that will enable a man who takes it with faith to live to the patriarchal age, by renewing his tissues and revivifying his organs.'

As he said this he held up to the light a small bottle filled with a brownish-red liquid.

'For all the world like a black draught,' said Hargrave, stripping a bough of raisins in a vindictive manner.

I had said little all this time, but had nodded assent for some time, so here I exclaimed, 'Indeed; extraordinary.'

'And what use, Hardwick,' I said at last, 'do you contemplate making of this remarkable discovery?'

'Remarkable indeed,' said Hargrave, bitterly. 'It will never bring in as much money as Holloway's Pills, I warrant.'

'Use?' replied the Minor Canon, ignoring Hargrave. 'I shall disclose it to the great and good only, and then only under vows of eternal secrecy—they shall be kept alive for the world's benefit.'

'Suppose,' said Hargrave, with a genial laugh, 'we have a glass round of the precious stuff,' and snatching up the bottle before the Minor Canon could seize it, he poured a spoonful or so of it into his glass.

But before he could drink it off the Canon had risen and struck the glass from his hand, spilling the contents upon the table. Hardwick's eyes glared, his hand shook with rage.

'Begone out of my house, insolent sneerer!' he said, as Hargrave, rather alarmed, began edging from him, 'and never darken these doors again. I will bear no more of these insults. I rejoice in the hostility of such fools.'

'Fools?' broke out Hargrave in return. 'Hardwick, you'll go on with this rubbish till you find yourself in Bedlam. You know what Dawson told your niece.'

'Dawson is a sneerer like yourself, and you can herd together,' shouted the Canon, opening the door and waving out Hargrave. 'This truth I have discovered is like the sun, it blinds such poor moles as you. Get out of my house, sir.'

As I strove in vain by every possible argument and banter to pacify the two men, the door opened, and Miss Hardwick came running in and clung to her uncle's arm.

'Dear uncle,' she said, with the prettiest and most imploring look, 'don't quarrel with Mr. Hargrave; you cannot expect every one to agree about a discovery which they do not understand. It is not reasonable, is it, Mr. Chetwynd? Dear Mr. Hargrave, do take your seat again, and forget all this.'

But Hargrave repulsed every proposition for peace. In the doorway he stood waving his hat, which he had loudly called for, and which the butler had brought him. 'I dare say you think me an old fool,' he said to his irate friend, 'and I know

you have more learning in your little finger than I have in my whole body; but I've sense enough to see this, that unless you give up these wild studies your brain will go before you are six months older. Now mind I warned him, Chetwynd. Good-evening, Mister Hardwick; good-evening, my dear Miss Hardwick; good-evening, Chetwynd. I'll not stop a moment longer and listen to such — folly.'

So saying, the choleric old gentleman strode out of the front door, slamming it after him.

'O you shouldn't, dear uncle,' said Miss Hardwick. 'Come and let me send you in coffee, and then we can try your favourite trio from Gluck, and Mr. Chetwynd shall have his own favourite violoncello. I must soothe you, uncle, as David did Saul.'

The moment, however, we had done coffee, the Minor Canon proposed we should go up to see the sunset from the Golden Gallery; besides, he said, he had something to tell me when we were up there, quiet and alone.

I am of an easy disposition, and I assented. I had not been up in the Golden Gallery since I was a boy at Charterhouse, and raced up in a noisy scrambling band to torment the man in the Whispering Gallery.

We went in at the north door and crossing the great pavement, with a glance at the dusty marble heroes, began to ascend the steps that led to the dome. As we passed up the shallow boarded steps we met on the second turning the three men coming down from the various stations.

'Good-night, Mr. Hardwick,' they said. From each of them the Minor Canon took the keys, telling them to call for them in the morning at his house. We heard the sound of their feet die away as they descended.

A strange look of awe passed over the Canon's face as we entered the Whispering Gallery, and looking down saw the three men we had just passed looking small as dolls, crossing to the north door. He sat down on the seat by the wall, whispered, and then listened.

'Yes, he is there,' I heard him

mutter to himself. Then he asked me to go and listen while he whispered. I went, and presently I heard creeping along the narrow wall the words—

'He whom I seek is above.'

'Now come,' he said; 'let us go up before the sun sets.' So we went up the winding stairs to the great stone gallery, and from thence to the devious way lit by gleams of Rembrandtic light, and among beams and over planks till we emerged into the rich golden brightness, and into the stirring air of the Golden Gallery. There lay the countless roofs of the city, acres of roofs, transformed towards the west by the sunset, which, glowing through the rolling smoke, shone out in momentary splendour with an effect in which Turner would have gloried. To the east, the mastis and the river; to the south, the hills, with the palace of glass shining on one like the Ark on Ararat; to the north, the rising slopes of Hampstead and Highgate. Immediately below us spread the great ribs of the dome and the globular surface, down from whence some terrible fascination suggested a human being leaping to death below. I proposed to go up into the golden hall. The Minor Canon shuddered as I spoke, and drew me to him, fixing his eyes on the dark door from which we had emerged, almost as if he expected to see some one approach.

'I will now tell you my terrible secret,' he said. 'One day last March I came up here just at this very hour. I had been feverish, with a bad headache, and had felt very overworked, tired of study, and yet unable to tear myself from it. I ascended the dark winding staircase with a strange nervous apprehension that some one was following me and some one preceding me. Yet the old man in the Whispering Gallery had specially told me that there was no one up here. I paused at several of the loopholes, and then the footsteps seemed to pause also. Sinking at my own fears, I came at last to the door we have just passed through, and stepped into the Golden Gallery. I looked over, as you do now,

at the countless roofs, half hidden in waves of struggling smoke, and observed the several churches: below there were the cloisters of the Bluecoat School, yonder the noble steeple of Bow, the great Abbey, the stately bridges, the little streets dotted with busy crowds no bigger than ants. The roar and rattle as of an army with chariots rose with a ceaseless clamour to the airy height where I stood. All at once I looked round, and saw behind me a man who exactly resembled myself in height, dress, and countenance, only he was swarthier and older, and he dragged his left foot as if slightly lame. He came up to me with a sardonic smile as if he had known me for years, and drew a small mirror, no larger than a watch, from his breast pocket.

"'You have a fine sight here,' he said, 'but I can show you more wonderful things than that. If you would like to see any relation or friend, I will show him you, as he is at this very moment.' I instantly replied, 'Show me Butler' (a friend of mine, who was then very ill at Weybridge, and about whom I was very anxious). I had no sooner expressed the wish than the exact figure of Butler, pale and dying, presented itself in the mirror. His family were kneeling round his bed, and a doctor stood by him, pressing his forehead with his hand. As I looked with awe and astonishment, a ghastly, and indescribable change came over the face of my poor friend; his eyes fixed, his jaw dropped—he was dead. As the vision slowly melted away, the stranger replaced the mirror in his pocket. Not having believed in his power to make good his offer, I was, as you may imagine, overwhelmed with terror at the clearness and the truth of the vision, for I felt sure that Butler was gone, and I begged the stranger to let me descend, as I felt faint and ill. He complied with my request, and, as we parted at the foot of the stairs, which he reascended, he whispered to me the one word which revealed the secret of the elixir, and said, in a bitter hard voice: 'You have now

the secret, but remember you are the slave of the man of the mirror.' I returned home unquiet, depressed, gloomy, apprehensive, and haunted with thoughts of the stranger. *That very day Butler died*, and from that hour I have been conscious of the irresistible power of the necromancer who lives in the ball below the cross."

I saw it was in vain to try and argue away this strange delusion, so I merely said, 'In what way is this strange power exercised?'

The Canon's eyes turned on me with a look of suspicion, mingled with anger, as he led me round the gallery to the point furthest from the stair leading to the cross.

'It is of no use,' he said; 'there is no concealment from him, all places are alike open to him; he sees and hears us now. Since that fatal interview with the necromancer, who only comes down at midnight to take a walk in the churchyard, and at dusk to get a dinner in some dark alley near, he has been constantly dragging me before him in his mirror, for he not only sees me every moment of the day, but he reads all my thoughts: I have a dreadful consciousness that no action of my life is free from his inspection, no place can afford me security from his power.'

I replied that the darkness of night would afford him protection from these machinations. I advised change of scene. Some illusions might be mixed up with the real facts. I thought to humour him, and I succeeded.

'No,' he said, with an expression of horror and fear; 'I know what you mean, but you are mistaken. I only told you of the mirror, but, as we came away, I forgot to mention the man opened an iron door in the wall of a long passage, and showed me a huge bell, from which sounds came, inarticulate murmurs of laughter, anger, and pain, swelling to a great confusion of cries, to which I listened in wonder and affright. "This bell," he said, "is my organ of hearing; it is in communication with all other bells within the great circle of

hieroglyphics by which every word spoken by those under my control is made audible to me." You look surprised, but I have not yet told you all. This dreadful being (I am safe now—he will not come down when you are here) practises his spells also by hieroglyphics on walls and houses, and wields his power by them—detestable tyrant that he is—over the minds of those he has enchanted, and who are the objects of his constant spite. I am a slave within the circle of his hieroglyphics.'

I asked, with a curiosity I could not conceal, what these hieroglyphics were, and how he knew them. I wanted to grasp the depth of the hallucination.

'They are,' he replied, calmly, 'signs and symbols, which you, in your ignorance of their true meaning, pass daily and take for ordinary letters and words—the common advertisements of the streets, such as Glentfield Starch, the Hair Restorer, and such things. But that is all nonsense. Stop: do you not hear the sound of some one descending the steps from the globe?'

I listened, and replied that I heard nothing but the monotonous surging roar from the streets below.

The Canon was reassured, and went on, 'Those advertisements, as you call them, are only the mysterious characters which he traces to mark the boundary of his dominions, and by which he prevents all escape from his tremendous power. O gracious heaven, how I have toiled and laboured to get beyond the limits of his influence! Once I walked for two days and three nights, till I fell down under a wall, exhausted by fatigue, and dropped asleep; but on awaking I saw the dreadful signs still before my eyes, and I felt myself bound firmer than ever by those infernal spells to that malignant power.'

The lamps were now lighting, and the golden fire seemed to run in cross lines till all London was dotted out in starry threads.

'Look,' he said; 'those are his telegraphs, and within them hopelessly struggle his victims.'

I began to see clearly that the Canon had on some spare day ascended Saint Paul's in a state of vivid mental excitement. The impressions then received had blended with his dreams and reveries so as to form one mysterious vision, in which the true and the imaginary had become apparently inseparably blended. I thought I would make one great effort to crush the illusion.

'My dear friend,' I said, 'shake off this dreadful deception of a heated imagination. There is no such being. Will you believe me if I ascend now into the ball, and assure you that there is no one there?'

The Canon made no reply, but signified assent by pointing to the little door that leads from the Golden Gallery to the ball. I need scarcely say that nothing supernatural met me either in the dark winding stairs or in the dim, silent, little round room to which I clambered. Still, I acknowledge I felt a certain awe arising from the loneliness and stillness of the place, and a sort of tendency to hurry back, such as had not affected me since as a schoolboy I had had to pass at night through a churchyard said to be haunted. Determined, however, to conceal all such feelings, I came down the steps humming an air, not quite befitting the place, and bantered my friend upon his delusion.

'Nothing there, of course,' I said, 'except a large moth that fluttered in my face.'

'That was him,' was Hardwick's reply. 'Oh, I must pray, pray tonight to be delivered from his power, and the horrible temptations with which he fills my mind.'

We parted at the north door, and I went home, looking back once or twice at the great dome, looming through the after, glow of twilight, and musing over the Minor Canon's strange delusion.

I met Hargrave the next day in Pall Mall, and he was anxious to know how I had left Hardwick.

'By Jove, sir,' he said, 'if the man had not been a clergyman I think I should have called him out. I

give you my word, sir, I was never so insulted before.'

When I told him of all that had happened in our ascent, and of the Canon's fears of the magician in the ball, Hargrave puffed out his old nankeen-coloured cheeks in choleric scorn.

'Oh, he's mad, stark, staring mad I call him,' he vociferated; 'on that one point at least mad, and all through these rascally, absurd, ridiculous books. Burn them all, I say. Burn every man-jack of them; well I would if I'd anything to do with him. He may offer me his hand when he likes, but no I won't take it till he makes the very amplest apology. Turn me out, indeed, for a mere joke! I would not forgive my own father if he behaved so. No, sir; henceforth I abjure his friendship.'

An evening or two afterwards I went to see the Canon, with some hopes that he might have shaken off his fancies. I found Miss Hardwick pale and anxious, playing Chopin's mournful Dead March. She arose as I entered and came to me with eyes full of anxiety.

'Uncle is worse than ever, dear Mr. Chetwynd,' she said; 'he spends half the night now in his laboratory in the garden over those horrid furnaces and stills, and if I beg him not to study so hard, he calls me a spy and asks me if I want to try and prove he is mad. He seems to have lost all love for me, and to regard me only with distrust and suspicion.'

'Does he go up often to the Golden Gallery?' I said.

'Nearly every night at eleven o'clock, and he stays there till after midnight, and he was so angry, you don't know, because I would not go with him last night. I do really think his brain is affected, he behaves so oddly. Oh, dear Mr. Chetwynd, do help me—what shall I do? I long to hide the keys of St. Paul's; but if I did, I really think he would turn me out of doors, as he threatened only this very morning.'

'Don't let it prey on you,' I said, with sympathy; 'the delusion will go off when he has change of air.'

'But he won't stir from London.'

'Oh yes he will. I'll coax him or get some medical friends of his to frighten him away to the sea-side.'

'Oh, if you do, how can I ever repay you?' said the fair suppliant, leaping up and clapping her hands. 'Do try and coax him now to play our new trio.'

I promised to do so, and went at once into the garden. A large ivy-covered summer-house in the corner of the small dingy garden the Minor Canon had fitted up as a laboratory, and there I found him bending over a furnace. The place was littered with old books, skulls, and portions of skeletons, shells, retorts, hour-glasses, crucibles, and glass flasks, bottles filled with varicoloured essences, and mysterious crimson and golden liquids. Dried flowers and plants hung from the wall among the garden soot, while a pet canary sang to the pale recluse, whose face looked more sallow and sunken than I had yet seen it.

He looked up with fevered eyes when he saw me coming, and pressed my hand.

'I am more his slave than ever,' he said, 'and he is watching me even now in his mirror. To-night I am to meet him in the gallery, and, on certain conditions, he is to perfect the elixir, which still needs one ingredient that he alone can supply. You must go with me,' he said, with almost frenzied eagerness. 'You will; I dare not go alone.'

'I will go,' I said, 'to convince you again of the folly of this delusion.'

'Folly?' he said, fiercely; but in a moment his voice sunk, and he exclaimed, 'Well, I forgive you; how can I wonder that you do not believe what you have not seen? This is not an age of faith.' These last words he uttered with bitter emphasis. 'But you do not know all yet—you will to-night.' These last words he ground out between his teeth; then slamming the furnace door, he sank down and buried his face in his hands as if struggling with some overpowering emotion.

'Come, come,' I said, putting my

hand affectionately on his shoulder; 'let the sacred fire go out for an hour or two, let the elixir alone for a bit, and come and bathe your soul in music; I want to try over that fine thing from Bach. Now do; you are wearing yourself out. At eleven o'clock, I promise you, we'll go up and look for the invisible inhabitant of the ball.'

The evening passed pleasantly; the Canon was himself again—bland, courteous, genial, amiable, and enthusiastic. I kept the conversation carefully off alchemy and all such arts, and Miss Hardwick was delighted. The only symptom about my old friend that I did not like was that sometimes I could see his face darken, and found his eyes resting with strange eagerness on me.

We were in the very middle of a fine bit from Cherubini when eleven o'clock struck. He instantly rose and said, 'It is time; he will be waiting.' His niece sprang up and threw her arms round his neck. 'Now, dear uncle,' she said, 'don't go up there; you are never so well when you go up there; if you love me the least little bit, don't go up there.'

I almost thought the frantic man would have struck her.

'Spy!' he cried. 'You should rather urge me to go; it will add to the evidence you have already collected for the doctors you are bribing to prove me mad. Let me see who will dare hinder me going where I like. As long as I keep out of the prison you are preparing for me I am free. Come, Chetwynd; it is time.'

'Do not oppose him,' I said, as the Canon went for a lantern and the keys, to the poor girl, who was sobbing as if her heart would break; 'do not oppose him; you will only make him more violent. I will do my best this night to finally stifle this delusion.'

We entered St. Paul's by the north door. Hardwick was delighted at my accompanying him, and seemed to attach a strange and unnecessary importance to his success in persuading me. Our footsteps sounded hollow as we passed

under the great dome. Hardwick stopped for a moment at the great Melbourne monument, the black vault doors of which are guarded by angels.

'I have sometimes,' he said, flashing the lantern over the doors, 'thought he lived there; but you see he does not answer.' He struck the door with a stick: the only reply was a dull echo. 'But no,' he said, 'he is above, waiting for us, waiting for you.'

The night had turned windy and rainy, and we could hear the wind roar as we ascended the boarded stairs and passed along the narrow prison-like passage, in the wall of which are several tomb-like iron doors.

'That is the bell door,' as we passed the third; at the fifth he stopped. 'I have sometimes thought he lived here,' he said, and he struck the door a jarring blow; 'but no, he is above, waiting for us, waiting for you.'

We entered the Whispering Gallery, and there too the strange man made the same observation, whispering it to me along the wall, still ending as before—

'But no, he is above, waiting for us, waiting for you.'

Then we began to ascend the winding stone stairs, great black distorted shadows of ourselves ascending with us. The Canon would have me go first with the lantern; but why I did not understand till later on that dreadful night.

When we got out on the great stone gallery, the wind was raging with terrible violence, raving round the parapet and whistling between the great balustrades. We were glad to get under shelter, and mount the dark stone staircase that led to the Golden Gallery. Weirder and weirder became our path, as we got among the timber-work that holds up the dome and crossed the planks that bridge the chasms between the radii of stone. One of Piranesi's nightmares it seemed as the lantern-light fell on beam and plank, and aperture for light, and massive wall, and receding stair, and glanced on places of mystery inaccessible by us.

At last we toilsomely reached our goal, and the Canon stepped out into the rush of the wind upon the Golden Gallery itself. Through the wind and rain we looked down on the great city radiant with light.

'You see,' I said, 'there is no one here. This is a mere dream of yours. I only came up here to undeceive you.'

'I tell you,' he said, 'I will show him to you at one of the windows below the gallery. Come round here—you will then be convinced.'

He took the lantern from me abruptly, and felt round the gilt wooden railing of the gallery, till he reached a spot on which a notch had been recently cut. Feeling this with his hands, the instant he had touched it, he withdrew the light, and led me on two feet farther into the darkness, laughing sardonically as he did so, for the wind breasted against us and almost drove us back.

'You know,' he said, 'the other day we noticed, just under this gallery, great oval spaces, cut out of the top of the dome, with little windows here and there?'

I assented.

'Well then, come where I stand, lean over, and you will see the man I mention standing at one of these. Here—come exactly where I place you, two feet from the notch,—that is his cypher. Why don't you come?—here, press firm against the gilt railing, and when you are in the exact place, I will hold the lantern down, and you will see his face.'

Determined to humour him to the last, and to prove to him that no enchantment had enslaved me, I leaned against the place he named.

'Not there,' he said, 'but one foot farther.'

I moved the foot farther.

'He is there,' he said, 'below—lower—*waiting for you*.'

As he said this, the madman—raving mad now—leaped upon me from behind, flung his lantern from him down the roof of the dome, and dashed me against the railing. I felt the wood crack—bend—give way. Oh, the ineffable

agony of that moment as I heard the madman's yell of triumph—one cry for mercy—one clutch at the yielding rail, and I fell headlong through the darkness from the dome.

When I came to myself, Hargrave was at my bedside; and a day or two after I heard the particulars of my wonderful escape. I had fallen, providentially, into one of the large openings about twelve feet below the gallery, and there I was found, stunned, bleeding, and senseless. By the direct interposition of Heaven, Hardwick's butler and footman, apprehending some evil, they scarcely knew what, and alarmed at their master's manner that day, had followed us up, and arrived to find me where I had fallen. They discovered the Canon beating at the door of the Melbourne monument, and shouting that he had given the victim to the magician in the globe, and was, therefore, no more his slave. They tried to secure him,

but he broke from them and fled; they then ascended to the Golden Gallery, with lanterns, and there, after some search, found me in the recess below the broken railing, which had been evidently previously sawn nearly asunder by the madman.

On returning to the house with me, they found poor Hardwick in the laboratory, where he was beating to pieces the glasses and crucibles. He was secured and at once placed under confinement. Three months of careful watching, away from his mischievous books, followed by a tour in the Tyrol, restored him to his wonted health.

The Minor Canon is now dead. I therefore feel no reluctance in telling the story of one of the strangest delusions that ever harboured in the human mind; and Miss Hardwick (who, by-the-by, recently married a nephew of Hargrave) has given me leave to mention the interesting details of this remarkable case.



AMONG THE FLOWERS.

SHE stood amid the o'erarching bower,
A happy maid, most fair to see,
'Mid orchids, ferns, and gorgeous blooms,
But never flower so fair as she.
And Constance gazed with earnest eyes,
And Florence with her dimpled smile,
As Rosa clasped each kindred rose—
A rose and rosebuds they the while!

Book-weary graduate was I,
Released from college-cloistered gloom,
And watched with sense of glad surprise
The form, light, colour, and the bloom;
I stole the open casement through,
And came upon them unawares,
Another world upon me gleamed—
I ne'er had seen such forms as theirs.

I asked for flowers, and little Flo'
Of cherry lips gave 'cherry pie,'
Geranium Constance, all choice flowers
The children gave me; then said I,
'My Rose, than all the roses here
More bright, brave, beautiful, and rare,
Spare me a gathered rose of yours
From bosom or from glossy hair.'

Methinks I see them still, and now
Full often on the summer eves
In old Greek books I still espy
The withered dimly-scented leaves;
And now all indistinct and sweet
Is Cousin Rosa of the rose.
She did not care for cloistered glooms,
And brighter paths of life she chose.

Ah well, God bless her! little Flo'
And Constance are great ladies now;
I often muse on that one kiss
I gave upon each fair white brow.
The bookish cousin's deepest wish
They prove as pure, as true, as good
As when he watched them in their bower
And blessed them as he mutely stood.

XUM



Drawn by Francis Walker.]

AMONG THE FLOWERS.

[See the Verso.

SHALL JULIANA HAVE A PIANO?

'JULIANA, my love, leave off playing on that 'ere pianner and give the mangle a turn.'

The above words were addressed by a middle-aged, coarse-looking woman, in a mob cap and a common cotton gown, to her daughter, a highly-decorated young lady, with her hair hanging down her back in a couple of plaits and adorned with bows of blue ribbon. The mother had just left the useful machine referred to, and was turning her attention to a flat-iron; the daughter was seated before a cabinet piano, and singing an air from Norma to her own accompaniment.

Such at least was the scene as represented in a coloured engraving which used to be very popular in London shopwindows years and years ago—before we had any idea of making the people our masters, and when it was an open question how far education would be good for them. The association of the piano with the mangle in relation to the occupations of Julianas was looked upon as an exquisite sarcasm. As you lingered on the pavement—near Ackerman's, say, in the Strand—you could see that it gave keen enjoyment to the passing populace.

'There's a gal for you,' says a youth of the butcher persuasion—oblivious for the time of his mission in connection with the mutton chops upon his tray—'she's a nice un for a pianner, and her mother a mangling too; master's daughter ought to see that.'

'Look at her pig-tails,' says the friend of his soul—another youth, carrying a hat-box; 'she'll get 'em mangled for her if she don't take care.'

'I've no patience with them minxes,' says a woman with a basket to another woman with another basket; 'I'd pianner her if I was her mother.'

"Juliana," too! indignantly protests the second woman; 'as if "Jane" wasn't good enough for her. I'd very soon Juliania her if I had to do with her.'

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The nature of the punishment involved by being 'piannered' or 'Juliannered' does not plainly appear; but it is evident that the name was considered the crowning stroke of satire. People who mangle, it seems, ought to be called Jane.

A couple of workmen are not so demonstrative—possibly because they have pipes in their mouths. But they laugh, and shake their heads, and you hear some moralising reflections as they move off about 'gals in these days' bearing disadvantageous comparison with those of a previous period within their recollection; concluding with a proposal to have some beer.

Public opinion has changed somewhat since Julianas's tastes in conjunction with her mother's occupation excited the derision of their class in life. But pianos and manglings are still considered incongruous by most people—and I must confess that I can see no sound reason why they should be.

The critics of Julianas were influenced somewhat by regarding the contrast from a false point of view. They saw the mother doing all the work and the daughter doing all the play; the mother dressed anyhow, the daughter adorned with a neatly-fitting, if over-fine, dress, and the further pretension of 'pig-tails' with blue bows of ribbon. But there ought to be no reason to suppose that Julianas did not cheerfully obey her mother's behest, and relieve her at the mangle. If she did not, why should she not? Turning a mangle is healthy exercise, and not more hard work than young ladies of wealth and position undergo continually in the practice of athletics. It is a clean employment, too, and nobody ought to dream of its being degrading. On the other hand, the mother, having taken her turn at the mangle, might surely be allowed the recreation of an air on the piano—thus relieving the monotony of the occupation both for herself and her daughter. That the mother has the disadvantage of not being able to play the instru-

ment—as is probably the case—is to be regretted. But the next best thing to being able to play herself is having a daughter to play to her, to her husband, and to her possible younger children—thus securing a continual source of recreation for the family. When Juliana marries she will find the piano a very useful resource—a relief to her work, whatever be its nature, and if she has her daughter taught the instrument there will be no incongruity of tastes between the two.

Meanwhile Juliana's mother doubtless does a great deal of mangling. More perhaps than is her share. It is probable, indeed, that the young lady follows, as far as she can, the example of Mr. Lover's immortal Mickey Free, who 'piped while his friends pipedclayed.' But this division of labour was by the desire of Mickey Free's friends, and Juliana's accomplishments should have an equal tendency to give pleasure to others. But though Juliana's mother may fatigue herself and flurry herself by work, it is not to be supposed that she has no share of re-creation in her own way. Has she not the glorious privilege of grumbling, assuming to herself the honours of minor martyrdom, reproaching her daughter, bullying her husband, and buffeting the small children? Has she no neighbours to gossip with for the hour together, and no gin to take a little too much of, by way of occasional consolation? We have as much right to suppose—judging by appearances—that Juliana's mother has frailties of these kinds, as to suppose that Juliana is the vain, giddy, selfish, useless girl that it is the apparent intention of the artist to depict her. Had the mother enjoyed the benefit of a better training—and a knowledge of music is a highly desirable part of anybody's training—she would probably not be perfect; but her mind would be more disciplined, and she would be at least saved from a certain class of domestic faults, into which Juliana, whatever she may become in after life, is not likely to fall.

I can fancy Pawkins's disgust as these suggestions meet his eye. He is a man of the old school—'the old school' seems to cover a multitude of sins in scholarship—and sees nothing but nonsense in anything that is new. 'Yes,' he says, throwing down 'London Society' in disgust; 'here we have it again; just like those writing fellows! Here's one of them saying that girls are quite right in dressing themselves up as monkeys and strumming away on pianos when they ought to be at work. I suppose he goes on to say that they ought to read all sorts of boshy books, and be clever, and all that! And he is ass enough to make out that it's their mothers' misfortune that they have not been brought up in the same way. I say that it's all wrong—that books and music and things of the kind give them ideas above their station. If this sort of thing goes on we shall have nobody to do any work; everybody will want to be ladies and gentlemen. The country's going to—but I will not follow the speaker into the realms of prophecy.

I do not agree with you at all, Pawkins, and am afraid that such schooling as you have had has not done you much good. I will freely admit that education and accomplishments are apt to give common people (I must call them so, for the sake of convenience, whether they like it or not,) ideas above their station. Common people after all are men and women; and we all get ideas above our station when we distinguish ourselves by any superiority, real or conventional, over our own class. You, Pawkins, on account of your connection with a public company, through which you are able to make yourself useful to a few men whom you consider 'swells,' get admitted occasionally into good society. Since you first achieved this triumph you have been no longer fit for the society of your City friends. They still ask you out to their Claphams and other places to 'cut your mutton,' or 'put your knees under their mahogany'—I am quoting their own playful language, of course—

on Sundays. But, as a general rule, you refuse to go. Their ways, you think, are not your ways, after the world you have seen and would like to make your home. But while you are gradually cutting your City friends—and making them sarcastically facetious at your expense—your fashionable friends are not courting you. They let you in among them, but they do not keep you there, and between the society you despise and that to which you aspire, you are—you know it as well as I do, Pawkins—the most miserable man in the world. Your only chance is Parliament. A vote in Parliament levels all ranks, and in these days lays the gentleman's epigram beside the snob's dropped H. But you may ruin yourself in trying to get a seat, as many a better man has done before you.

If a man like you, Pawkins, is liable, on account of having gained superiority of some kind over his fellows, to acquire ideas above his station, how can you expect common people to be exempt from the failing? The sons or daughters of a respectable artisan, say, who get something like the usual education of their class, fancy themselves raised above their immediate friends, and gain instincts that lead them to association with a better rank in society. They give themselves airs in consequence, and conduct themselves, perhaps, with a great deal of absurdity. They look down upon their parents, and aspire to nothing but the most genteel employments, with the result of achieving nothing but their own degradation. The sisters starve—or do worse—as governesses; the brothers grovel in small clerkships rather than work at a profitable trade; they must be something better than their neighbours and friends. But if their parents were as well educated as themselves there would be no looking down upon the parents; and if their friends and neighbours enjoyed equal advantages to themselves, where would be their superiority to their friends and neighbours? It would be useless for all to aspire beyond their position; certain kinds

of work must be done by somebody; the difference would be that the work would be done, and better done, probably, by better educated people than those who do it now.

Another question remains: are education and accomplishments incompatible with hard labour? I can see you, Pawkins, as you return to these pages. You think you have me there. Well, Mr. Roebuck, who ought to be as good an authority as you, is of another way of thinking. Why—he asked not long since, in an address delivered at Dewsbury—should not the working man have as pleasant a household as himself? When Mr. Roebuck goes home from his labour, he assures us, to our great satisfaction, he finds a cheerful wife in the person of an elegant and educated woman; he also finds a daughter, equally cheerful and elegant. Why, he asks, should the workman be without equally happy influences? Why not, indeed? Mr. Roebuck is a richer man, doubtless, than the mass of people who work with their hands are ever likely to become. But were his income reduced to the ordinary wages of labour, it is not to be supposed that his habits would become less refined, or that the intercourse of his domestic circle would be less courteous, less considerate, less delicate in its recognition of social restraints. And the same remark will apply to most men of Mr. Roebuck's class. It may be said that to arrive at their state of culture requires a training in something like affluence. Not at all. There are hundreds—thousands, it may be said—of gentlemen in this country whose education and social habits fit them for any elevation to which they could be raised; yet they have never known, and perhaps are never likely to know, what it is to receive more than the income of a moderately skilled artisan. Who cannot point to representatives of this class among the poorer members of the professions? Notably the clergy, of which body so many are engaged in educational pursuits or the more laborious walks of literature. Such men have not luxurious homes; their lives are

frequently clouded with care; and many have to encounter fierce struggles with that abstract enemy known as 'the world.' But they have their consolations, their comforts, and their relaxations, or are not at any rate necessarily deprived of them. The most satisfactory pleasures of life are happily the least costly. They may not dine like Lucullus, at least when they dine at home; but they may, in these days of 'diffusion' in the liberal arts, feast the eye, the ear, and the brain with a very modest expenditure of money.

Pawkins, you are putting in a word again, I know. 'Yes,' you say, 'and some of these refined professional men are half starving. Don't talk to me about genteel poverty. They are in a false position, and ought to go and work.'

It is very easy to say, 'go and work,' far easier than to put people in the way of working. But it is probable that there would be much less struggling in professions if humbler labours brought persons of culture into congenial associations. As it is, the poor professional man, having no means of entering trade, which includes many classes of followers, and is mostly respectable at any rate, dares not descend to mechanical employments for fear of the social shocks to which his refinement would be exposed. Were education universal, as it ought to be, objections on this score would, at least, have no general application.

We have many points of superiority in this over other countries; but it must be confessed that the average Briton, in his normal condition, is very apt to be brutal. To some nations a certain kind of refinement comes naturally; in England it has to be forced. Money does not always make the difference. There are 'roughs' going about, as well dressed as any men you meet in the Park, whose instincts are of the 'heave half a brick at him' class. You have but to scratch the social Russ, and you get at the social Tartar. Occasionally the Tartar comes uppermost without

the scratching. Who but Britons, for instance, would have been guilty of the act of vandalism recently recorded of Oxford students? If education does so little for some men, what can be expected from most men who have no education at all?

Our social defects have been conspicuously illustrated by the result of the latest reform in the representation of the people. We have now a system of residential suffrage, with so little restriction that almost every man who can keep a roof to cover him may have a vote. The change was supposed to be rendered necessary by the pressing requirements of the country; and it was advisable, perhaps, for the sake of showing that the influence of no class of the community was unrecognised or held in subjection. But what has followed, as far as the *personnel* of 'the people's members' is concerned? Not one of the popular representatives who led the agitation out-of-doors has been returned to St. Stephens. Where pretensions have been made they have been negatived by majorities of the electors. The fact is, that the chosen of the people, out-of-doors, have not been considered fit to represent them within. Except in one instance, where the candidate was not one of the people, but belonged to a learned profession, it was found that the men who did or did not present themselves—and generally they did not—were deficient in the personal qualifications which are necessary for an assembly like the House of Commons—that they were men who would be out of place there, and would carry no weight. This would not have happened in France, or Italy, or in Germany, where men of the lowest social grades are seldom wanting in *savoir faire*, and not unfrequently have manners which supply the place even of education. In France, it must be confessed, the 'common people' are immensely superior in apparent good breeding to the same classes in this country. They exhibit the superiority in their manners, their amusements, as in their political demonstrations. The

French are a difficult nation to govern, especially when represented by a Paris mob, but they have instincts that fit them for forms, and their leaders are able to maintain their social dignity in any political assembly. And not only the leaders, but the mass of the French people, have social dignity because they have social freedom. Of political freedom they may not possess so much, under the Empire, as the people in England; but of social freedom they possess considerably more, and they enjoy this because they are able to assert it. They submit, in masses, to a more harsh executive and more arbitrary laws than would be endured in this country; but every Frenchman has a great idea of his self-respect, and looks carefully after it. Class distinctions are strong; but, except from a political point of view, or from the provocation of poverty, they excite but little jealousy. There is not half the clamouring for 'position in society,' the hankering after a superior grade to their own, that makes the life of so many people in England a burden to them. But different classes see more of each other, and know more of each other, in France. They do not push themselves among one another in private life, but they recognise their respective relations with more practical respect than is commonly shown in this country. Thus master and servant, with equal regard to their relative positions, hold far more friendly intercourse; and the same distinction may be noticed in the relations between teacher and pupil, and—last but not least—between parent and child. Look at the outer life in France, say at one of the best cafés in Paris. The most extreme classes meet upon common ground without interfering with one another in any way. In London labouring men would not be accommodated in public coffee-rooms intended for 'their betters,' if they ever dreamed of making the experiment; while 'their betters' would not venture to intrude in more humble establishments, for fear of—to say the least of it—unpleasant remarks. But the French-

man, of whatever grade, knows his dignity, and is able to maintain it without making himself offensive. The feeling is exhibited in small matters as in great. In France a man in a blouse will pick up your dropped glove and be proud of placing you under a little obligation by returning it; in England a man of the same class will, as often as not, *look*, if he does not ask for, 'the price of a pint of beer' for his pains.

Juliana and her piano have taken me over more ground than I had intended; and what Pawkins would say to all this I cannot venture to suppose: he has probably given me up as a confirmed idiot. But apart from any national comparisons, it must be evident that, since we have to 'educate our masters'—the mass of the people of England—the work of education should be carried considerably beyond the proverbial 'three R's,' or any ordinary course of school teaching, and be made to include something of the ingenuous arts which emolliate manners and save us from being ferocious. It is with regard to the importance of influences of the kind that I distinctly support such an institution as Juliana's piano in conjunction with her mother's mangle. Why should such a conjunction be ridiculous, unless we are to consider the class to which those ladies belong properly allied with brutality? We see nothing absurd in—

'Dance and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth.'

but the peasants of the south of Europe, whose recreations furnish themes for our poets and our painters, have been previously engaged in work just as prosaic as the turning of a mangle. Even when the work happens to have been the gathering of grapes there are equally practical considerations involved; and as far as picturesque effect is concerned, we have a parallel in hop-picking at home. If music—taking music as an illustration—be fit and proper after labour in one country, why not in another? Pawkins—I see Pawkins is at it again—

says that 'this sort of thing is all very well in France or Italy, but it won't do among English people, and is just nonsense, and all that.' But why, my dear Pawkins, should it be nonsense and all that? Because, you say, it does not suit English habits. Very well, then change English habits until *they* suit *it*, and English habits will be the gainers by the change.

English habits, indeed—those of the mass of the people—are in many respects open to improvement. A little less gin-drinking and wife-beating are requirements which everybody admits, as regards men; and there are female faults—some of which I have hypothetically assigned to Juliana's mother—that have to be overcome before humble homes can realise the ideal of Mr. Roebuck. By the way, that gentleman demands elegance in wives and daughters. As far as dress is concerned there has been much improvement of late years; but the tendency in these days is to rush into extremes. Girls of the Period in good society are very apt to look like caricatures; but their humble imitators—what they look like it would be difficult to say. Perhaps they most resemble the columbines who dance outside shows at country fairs, with just a little playful exaggeration as to hair, high heels, and a few minor matters. All this will doubtless correct itself as a better standard of taste is attained; but the progress towards this is, it must be confessed, very gradual. The people are not yet prepared to appreciate the best literature or the best art. In music, perhaps, their tastes are most creditably displayed; but music, as Mr. Disraeli has said, is an art that cannot demoralise, and if the prettiest airs among the light compositions of the day obtain the greatest popularity, it must be remembered that they are never so popular as when wedded to verse which, when not utterly inane, is usually a concoction of more or less ribald rubbish.

In literature there is no great run after what is vicious—though there are some cheap journals, devoted for the most part to horrors, which

seem to have a wide circulation—but there is a very considerable demand for what is *low*. Perhaps, among humble publications, those which obtain the greatest sale are respectable in tone; but, intellectually, there is a large degree of 'writing down' necessary in order to make them generally acceptable. Some cheap periodicals are not so harmless, and there is a sufficiently fair field for these to find considerable favour.

As for public taste in connection with the drama, it is by no means certain that the upper classes have a right to assume any great superiority over the lower. The gallery will stand a great deal of rant and claptrap, and run after bad plays that are badly acted; but they require some earnestness, though it be forced, and some sentiment, though it be spurious. Vice must be punished and virtue triumphant, and true hearts must come together in the end. What the gallery will not stand is cynicism and insincerity, and sophistical renderings of life. Pieces having these characteristics depend principally for success upon the boxes and stalls.

Perhaps the mass of the people appear to less advantage in their spontaneous recreations. They conduct themselves wonderfully well in museums, picture galleries, and, notably, at great fêtes in the Crystal Palace. But their 'outings' on holidays, in suburban places, where 'nothing is going on' are not very cheering. Thrown upon their own resources, their development takes the roughest form, and resolves itself frequently into the coarsest horseplay. Coming home their hilarity takes a vocal turn, and I should say, judging from the impression produced upon the ear, that a considerable number of the festive throngs were not sober.

The habits and the manners of the people, which are far better now than might be expected considering all things, would improve with a little improvement in their education and their tastes. It is satisfactory to see that, as regards elementary education at any rate,

something is at last being done. The tendency, too, of much movement in the present day, is towards the popularisation of the arts and all the civilising influences connected therewith. It is by way of assisting at this development that I applaud the idea of Juliana's piano, and hurl back the ribald sarcasms upon its association with a mangle

with the contempt they deserve. This is a form of expression which has, perhaps, been heard before but by way of a strikingly original sentiment in conclusion, I will say that if in the remarks which I have made I have only succeeded in convincing Pawning that he is a pig-headed old donkey I shall not have written in vain.

SIDNEY L. BLANCHARD.

MY LOVES AND HATES.

A GRAND old hall in a noble country. All the afternoon, or nearly all, I have been lying on the lawn watching the low thunder-clouds which will not break in the refreshing rains for which the weary earth is athirst. Stretched on a rug on the smooth turf is a more than friend, who lazily turns over the magazines and from time to time breaks off from the page to speak of some story or personage of real life that for us has an interest that transcends any story of the imagination. We have been wanderers in fair gardens that might have been those of the Phœacians or Armida, or those in which the fair ladies of Florence told the stories of the Decameron. For some twenty years, ever since opening boyhood, we have had countless associations in common, and through these long hours there has been a long, silent procession of the old forms and faces. Somehow these old associations have left me restless and dissatisfied. They are playing bezique in the drawing-room now; but I have been wandering through the long range of rooms, which might be almost called our Hall's State Apartments, into the great hall and then into the little hall beneath the old Elizabethan porch. It is not altogether so pleasant to look back upon that large section of human life, that mighty slice of twenty years. There is such a spectacle of events, conflicts, mistakes, evil; all the difficulties of life, social, moral, religious, intellectual, seem so to overshadow the quiet, sunny resting-places, that for a time one naturally becomes prosy and

moralising. It is good for us to be so, even if an inevitable sadness tinges all the retrospect. But somehow the darker thoughts give place to those of a more vivid human interest, and speculation and sentiment yield to the fugitive recollections of the fortunes of one's contemporaries. One glances down the list of them very much as one looks at the list of killed and wounded after a battle. There are the killed, the gloriously killed in India and the Crimea, and others who have fallen less gloriously in the battles of life. There are some who have been killed off by delirium tremens, some who have gone to the dogs, who have dropped in the ranks, and the ranks have filled up, who have disappeared in the stream, and the stream has swept by—an awful mass of death, disappointment, and unhappiness; but mingled with these are friends who have enjoyed scenes of rare and almost unequalled human happiness, such as give us a sort of notion of what heaven may be, and how large an element of heaven may exist on earth. And prominently emerge from all these the recollections of my loves and my hates.

I cannot conscientiously say that I have had much to do with the hates. I am afraid that Dr. Johnson, who loved good haters, would not love me. I have often despised myself for my feeble capacity of hating. I am afraid that I have not sufficient strength of moral feeling to hate thoroughly. I quite feel inclined to believe that without this capacity of hatred a man must be a neutral-tinted character. I am not entitled to call myself a poet,

but I confess that I would in some degree desire to realise the Laureate's description of the poet—

'The poet in a golden age was born,
With golden skies above,
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of
scorn,
The love of love.'

That 'love of love' is an especially happy phrase, like the θελω, θελω φιλήσαι of Anacreon. I cannot see how any one can really speak slightlyingly of love-matters. Love is the one secret spring which keeps the complex machinery of the world in restless action; and therefore it is that hate is altogether a mean and subordinate thing, to be altogether conquered and swallowed up of love.

And yet my hates I had; those mild hates of youth and boyhood, which persistently arise. There was the boy at school who was always treading upon your heels in a metaphorical sense, coming between you and the coveted prize, and making himself obnoxious in a variety of ways. The school considered him as my rival, and the public opinion of the school demanded, when he had won a prize over me, that I should 'punch his head.' I accordingly endeavoured upon abstract principles, and with indifferent success, to 'punch his head,' as I was assured that he was my hateful rival and my natural enemy. Similarly the man who was my competitor for prize, scholarship, and on the class-list, was regarded by me under a very unfavourable point of view. I accredited him with all the viler passions of human nature, and I was fully prepared to believe anything bad in the antecedents of his family. I did not deny that he was a man of education and ability; that was evidenced by the fact that he was on a footing to enter the lists against me; but on broad, general grounds I considered that he was a cad. In fact, I discovered that 'a cad' was a convenient designation to define any one with whom you might not manage to get on with, and the proper treatment of 'a cad' was in some physical or metaphysical sense to 'punch his head.'

It is this natural combative prin-

ciple which lies at the root of all causeless hates. My school opponent and my college opponent are highly honourable men, and I am sure much better and more deserving men than myself. I remember staying at an hotel on an Italian lake where two Englishmen had made a lingering and indefinite stay. They had never been introduced to each other, had never exchanged salutations, and persistently ignored each other's existence. I asked L'Estrange if he knew Fortescue; he answered that he was thankful he didn't, and that he considered him a conceited ass. I asked Fortescue if he knew L'Estrange; but he answered that L'Estrange was a cad, and he should like to punch his head. I took an early opportunity of making the two men known to each other, as they were both very nice fellows, and I knew no reason why they should not get on well together. I had the satisfaction of hearing Fortescue say how deeply he regretted that he had not earlier known L'Estrange, and the satisfaction of hearing L'Estrange say that he seldom, if ever, knew a nicer fellow than Fortescue. I appropriated to myself what Boozzy said of himself when he introduced Johnson to General Paoli, that he felt himself an isthmus uniting two great continents. It is difficult, however, to imagine the emotion of an isthmus in uniting continents; feelings perhaps akin to that mysterious grammarian joy which steals over a verb singular when it encounters a neuter plural. I remember once staying at a rectorial abode where I was developing a platonic attachment towards a young lady whom we will call Rectoria. The evil days came when I had to return to college; but there was much talk about a new curate, a young man of the name of Biggins, who was to come into the parish and receive a title from the rector. I imagined Biggins to myself as a hateful man of presumptuous manners, a clerical dandy with lavender kids, a fellow of no merit, but with dark designs on Rectoria's inexperienced heart. So firmly was this impression fixed

that, though I had never met Biggins, I never thought of him or mentioned his name without speaking of him contumeliously as 'that conceited ass, Biggins.' Nor did my animosity in the least degree subside until I discovered that he wore thick Berlin gloves, that he could not speak to Rectoria without stammering, and that in point of fact he had been engaged to his cousin ever since he was eight years old.

I believe myself that eight years is a very susceptible age. I was eight years old when I first fell violently in love with a goddess named Rose, a mature young goddess—other name unknown—of about two-and-twenty. I can recall her violet eyes through the ages and generations which have elapsed since that time. She kindly spoke to me one evening as I was playing in the garden of our square, and henceforth I worshipped the ground she trod on. Unfortunately, our parents did not visit, and Miss Rose did not very often come into the garden of the square. I conceived, however, the notion that social observances were not confined to parents, and that boys might justly claim a share in the amenities of civilized life. Accordingly, I set off one afternoon, and not without a stupendous effort I rang a mighty bell, and told the flunkey that I had come to make a call upon Miss Rose. I was shown into the drawing-room, and, to my delight, she entered, and gave me a radiant greeting. Those injurious people, her parents, were conveniently absent. I conceived that it devolved upon me as the gentleman to explain the object of my call, and I therefore explained that I wanted to know whether she felt inclined to put on her bonnet and take a walk. She assented—with a laughing light in the violet eyes—and taking me by the hands, she led me again and again through the laurel walk of the square. It appeared, however, that I had transgressed instead of expanded the social code, and an unsympathising governess, as ugly as my Rose was beautiful, packed me off to bed on a diet of bread and water. As I

became a bigger boy I imbibed fiercely Radical notions, and I remember some years later telling her that the time would assuredly come when the rights of boys would be recognized, and that no great question would be settled unless it had previously been submitted to a parliament of boys.

Some of the poets and romancers have dwelt on sudden loves and hates: love at first sight and hate at first sight. Mr. Tennyson has told us of the love of the gardener's daughter, and the wise suspicious first thoughts of 'his city clerk, though gently born and bred,' towards the man who raised him. There are some persons who have an instinctive faculty of loving or hating at first sight. They do not merely say 'a sudden thought strikes me—let us swear eternal friendship'; but, wonderful to say, they love or hate in the right place. They say that they love such a face, and their love is justified by the event, or they take an inveterate dislike to such a face, and the dislike is justified in course of time. I share in this faculty only to a very limited extent. There are some faces that wear so manifestly the smile and signet of heaven that you feel at once trust, reverence, and affection. You cannot doubt those candid eyes or that earnest grasp. I have met with a few men who have won an influence over me which the fairest women could hardly attain over weak unresisting mankind. They are the men who have kept a balance between heart and mind, when heart and mind have both expanded in fair natural progress, and when on one side there is a thorough sympathy which can understand even your sins and infirmities, and, on the other hand, an intellectual breadth which can comprehend your crotchets and do justice even to your mistakes. Such men have an almost Socratic power of attraction; they form their schools of opinion, and have their circle of disciples. They strengthen, they purify, they elevate; they adorn human nature, and show to what rare heights it may be developed.

I will not despair of myself or of any one who has chords responsive to moral goodness or intellectual excellence or natural nobleness. Then there is a lower range of hates and loves, in which I freely expatiate, though without the gumption of wiser and cleverer people of hating or loving always in the right place. I have made up my mind to take a violent liking to that keen, silent, ill-natured looking beast who is sitting enveloped in a cloud of tobacco smoke and never opens his mouth except to drain a pewter or to utter some sardonic remark. Similarly I have made up my mind to like that sarcastic lady who certainly will not spare me in her sarcasms, who has complexities of character which I cannot unravel, but who, I perceive, is upright and downright, with a brain and a heart of her own. In these cases I am right in my instincts; they are friends whom I have made and whom I would desire to keep. Similarly I have formed estimates of public men, in which I at least mean to believe most fully. Among my hates, possibly my irrational hates, I have put the Third Napoleon. He had quite a fascination for me at one time. I remember, on the entry of the army of Italy, climbing up into a tree on the boulevards, as my only chance of then seeing him; the freak was admitted to a 'mad Englishman.' I have sat opposite to him at a French theatre, and have done nothing for hours together but examine his face through a strong glass. So far as expression is concerned, I might as well have examined a piece of mahogany. But the more I have seen him the less I have liked him. Similarly I once heard a distinguished public man make a long address without knowing who he was, but judging, as near-sighted people are often obliged to judge, simply through the voice, I came to the conclusion that the hitherto unknown public character was a humbug, a decision which the public voice has abundantly sanctioned. But my intellectual flaw is that I like people whom I have no business to

like. 'That is because you're a good-natured fool,' sardonically remarks my honest friend of the pipes and pewter. 'Bobus,' I humbly respond, 'it is not at least for myself to deny that I am a fool, but I must solemnly deny that I am good-natured.' I was completely fascinated the other day by one of the most wicked men I have ever met. I have often been fascinated by wicked men. With a dangerous frankness this man raved against every divine and human law. There was no sin which the villain had not committed either in fact or in contemplation. But I liked the heathen; I could not help liking him for his wide knowledge of society and of current opinions, and for his sparkle, wit, and terseness. But this atheism and immorality were supported by telling and striking arguments. He was, in fact, one of the highest products of a godless civilization. It would be no use hurling a commination at him; it would be like spray upon a rock; but it is as well, perhaps, having ascertained the leading points of a system which bases the selfishness of Goëthe upon the philosophy of Comte, that you should close that page of individual history. Similarly there is a certain style of young ladies that I like, but of which I heartily disapprove. They are pretty, they are fashionable, they are elegant. But I am old enough to see through the gloss of all that. It is wonderful to me how they have managed to bring together such a considerable amount of mere accomplishments with the very smallest amount of intellectual culture. I know that they have untrained intellects and undisciplined minds. I know how full of ill-humour and vanity they may be, teasing and tormenting each other without sincerity or reverence. I know that dress, amusement, and flirtation form their whole notions of the scope and object of human life. I know how thin and worthless such an existence must really be. Now how is it that I like such a man as the one I have described or such girls as these? It is simply, I expect, by

reason of the receptivity of one's nature. The young ladies will give you form, and light, and colour, and you cannot help admiring them as you would a colour or a landscape. Similarly you may do justice to a man's intellectual force, or honesty, or ability. But I come back to the distinction that your love ought to be love in the right place, and your hate be hate also. I believe that a sharp line of division runs through all the earth, and the ultimate fact remains, that each one, radically speaking, is good or bad. I am glad that it is not for me to draw that mystic line; that I cannot with any confidence discern it either in myself or others. But many of us have a languid liking on matters when we should have perhaps an active hatred.

But let us come back to the loves. I suppose one ought to say something on first love. It often sets in with all the virulence of a very bad case of whooping cough or measles. I have no doubt but this affection, to use a term both medical and amatory, has often entirely coloured the lives of some men—Byron or Shelley, for example. A great deal of the waste and unhappiness and failure of life—an amount sad and frightful to look on—is connected with this first love, and, for my part, I cannot look on such facts in any jeering or thoughtless way as I recognise them as full of the gravest moment and significance. I look back, through more years than I care to reflect on, on that distemper peculiar to the human puppy, and can discuss it as dispassionately as if I were drawing up a medical or veterinary memoir. The matter is simply one of sheer infatuation. I was staying in a country house with an individual whom I shall briefly designate as the Object. I think that Mr. Dickens, in the most autobiographic of his works, '*David Copperfield*', has delineated with matchless skill David's being instantaneously slain by Dora. For myself, I may candidly avow that I was fascinated by the Object as if by the gaze of a basilisk. I felt as Hannibal's soldiers felt at Capua—as Ulysses felt when he wandered

to Calypso's island. The Object gave me no rest, day or night. I lived for the Object, I breathed for the Object, I dreamed for the Object; I am afraid that in my intensity I fairly persecuted the Object. I followed her about like a tame poodle, I lay at her feet on the lawn, I allowed no one else to turn over her music leaves (she sang vilely) at the piano. I have no doubt but in various ways I made myself extremely inconvenient, objectionable, and irrational. I was in a state of mind which utterly forbade my taking stock of her moral and intellectual nature, and which made me shun any reference to pecuniary considerations as the meanest snobbishness. I have no doubt but I was full of nonsense, absurdity, inconsistency; but this I do maintain, that I was thoroughly constant and earnest. There was nothing in the world that I would not dare or attempt for her sake. I would, at her bidding, pluck her glove out of the den of wild beasts, and, if she liked, she might slap my face with it afterwards, instead of my slapping her's, as Schiller's hero did. But during all that intensely spooney period I was, in military language, demoralized. There seemed to be a regular paralysis of all the higher functions of one's nature. I was quite incapable of any physical or mental exertion. I was able to appreciate the position of Samson towards Dalilah. I remember a very strong man giving me an account one day of his first fit of nervousness. Like Nelson, he had never known what fear was. But he was thrown from his horse one day, in a bad country, when he was all alone. To his astonishment he found that he was trembling. He asked himself what this tremulousness might mean, and he made answer to himself that it was nervousness. And I made answer to myself that this was love, with all its ugliest symptoms, beyond that unrest, sleeplessness, and loss of appetite from which I suffered. I do not wonder that the great physician, Cullen, should take medical count of love, and place it as a disease under the *ordo febris*. I am

sure a wise parent would immediately prescribe change of scene, and that if a sensible man found himself in such a mess he would immediately give leg bail to his enchantress.

The girl jilted me. She was not a bad lot, as jilts generally are, but she was weak or vain, and there was a mother, or somebody of that sort, 'with a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.' I fancy that she took the high pecuniary ground, and thought there was a better speculation in a man next door, who was in the process of drinking himself to death. Women are very generous, but, perhaps because they are not so well supplied with money as the men are, they place a more exaggerated value upon it than men do. I always think that there is a peculiar Nemesis for jilts. I have seen a great many of them in my time, and they have never turned out well. They have bad luck, and they deserve all the bad luck they get. It is a sad thing when the love of one period becomes the hate of another period. I cannot say that I have any particular hate towards this unfortunate Object, but still a very considerable amount of contempt and dislike, which may go some way towards making up that detestable feeling.

It was 'Twenty Years After,' the felicitous title of a French novelist's great romance. It was quite by an accident that I then met her by the familiar garden gate of the old place. I had understood that they had left their former abode for a larger house, but from family reasons—for the family had now dwindled down to one—they preferred the old, smaller, and snugger residence. Twenty years ago, a tall, elegant girl, with every line of grace and beauty, had clasped my hands for long hours through the twilight, giving a poor fool the greatest happiness he had known all through his lifetime. Twenty years ago, and one meeting on the Sunday afternoon, and there was ample compensation for the waiting monotony of the week, or of months and years. Twenty years ago, and

a momentary clasp and kiss were worth worlds upon worlds. So, twenty years after, I came to the cottage, and a spruce servant girl, born and bred since I had last crossed its threshold, told me, to my inexplicable astonishment, that if I would go into the garden I should find Miss Araminta there. Lord Byron says—

' If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?
With silence and tears.'

But Byron never exactly understood the social usages of modern life. 'Silence and tears!' bless your heart, nothing of the sort—with chat and laughter, the only way in which rational people can meet. Still I think one mutually took stock of the other. I am a grisly bear myself, and I allow that the Object retained her symmetry of form and her taste in dress. But the silly ten minutes' talk showed a vulgarity of mind that had wrought itself out into vulgarity of life and thought. Instead of the yielding softness of youth, there was a fierceness of eye and acridity of speech characteristic of the most odious type of old maid. The poor jilt, after the manner of her kind, had run to seed. I was not surprised to hear that her keen, acid tongue made her the terror of her district. Alas, poor jilt! The Object, an imaginary being, fell for ever from her pedestal. That ague of the mind, the hot and cold fits that had been on and off for years, was totally cured now.

Sometimes one alights upon people whose whole tone is irritating and repellent. Every now and then one meets an unlovely brood, and the feeling is that it would be good for society if the brood were crushed or put to death. There are certain types of character that irritate me greatly; they may not really be so bad as those other faults of other people which I can bear with equanimity; but then 'their sins I have no mind to,' whereas in the latter case I suspect they are 'those I am inclined to.' People of very narrow and secular mind, timocrats who can only judge others by a pecu-

niary standard, people for whom literature, art, and speculation would really have no existence whatever, people who have no heart or brain to satisfy, and only stomachs and pockets to be filled, are regarded by me with a most positive aversion and hostility. It is astonishing how these things go in the breed. A flirting mother produces still more flirtable daughters; a selfish, hard-hearted sire produces selfish, hard-hearted sons. A Barnes succeeds a Barnes throughout all the Newcome family. On the other hand, there are families whose names are mentioned with affection and honour everywhere. Their names are fragrant for costly deeds of love and goodness. There are other families whose names are synonymous for grasp and greed; men with a hundred thousand pounds who would not give away a five-shilling piece unless they found a selfish purpose in it. In these we have grounds for hates and loves.

But now and then I find a whole nest of perfect loves. Just as in the woods one comes suddenly upon a cluster of violets, or, all of a sudden, you obtain a peep of a beautiful landscape, so at times you come to an English home where peace broods tranquil and the golden atmosphere of love reigns over all. I think that the English home with its high standard of feeling, its perfection of manner, its traditions of honour and goodness, the children in their glee, and the maidens 'as sweet as English air can make them,' given as fair a picture of human love as this world can show. When one is utterly tired of the weary streets of London, tired of work, business, and pleasure, it is refreshing to turn to scenes which are the highest blossom and outcome of our island life :

'dewy landscapes, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep, all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient peace.'

It is pleasant to pace the terrace, to linger in the conservatory and trace the language of the proffered flowers, to watch the white-robed forms tilt across the croquet-ground, to look across woodland and water

till the prospect is closed by the bold hills. Adela and Catharine shall give me music, Florence shall gather me blooms from her rose-garden, and Louisa shall talk to me. The girls have each their characteristics; and the poets who give us picture-galleries of maidens, as Mr. Tennyson did in his earlier volumes, might well delineate Catharine, dark, pensive, sensitive, or Adela, blooming, impulsive, wild with health and joyous emotion. But it is positive mental refreshment to turn away from the dark thoughts which cloud all public life, and overshadow all great cities, to some home which seems to realise the idea of the oasis, the fountain and the palm, their island beauty and seclusion. It is something to reflect upon the good and pleasant ways through which our country-women at their best grow up, and to fill the imagination by imaging forth the paths of order and happiness they shall hereafter tread, bearing with them the deep peace and content, the culture and beneficence of English homes. It is the moral beauty of such scenes, more than their satisfaction of any artistic or aesthetic sense, which abolishes all cynic feelings and smooths out the traces of hate. It is something to alight on such a nest of loves, with their grace, truth, and purity, and to recall that sincere, kindly intimacy, now that far away I find in my books the now withered but still fragrant flowers of the holiday time. It is sad that we only meet like ships at sea—hurried greeting and we are once more on the waste. But surely I will remember that love and hate are not coequal powers; that good and evil are not, as in Parsee speculation, dual, evenly-balanced powers, but that hate must yield to love, evil be swallowed up of good, darkness and death vanish before life and light. In shadowy recollections my hates, which were ever few, shall be lost in kindness to my loves.

' Ah, when shall all men's good
Be each man's aim, and universal peace
Lie like a line of light across the lands,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the compass of the golden year?'

AUDIENCE AND ACTOR.

A KIND of verse that used to be in vogue,
 And may be yet again, the verse Pindaric,
 Meseems a rhythmic form that's fitted well
 A tale to tell
 About a vagabond play-acting rogue—
 One DAVID GARRICK.
 For why? This¹ Garrick played as Pindar sang,
 And not as players in a formal age,
 Who to one measured beat each cadence rang,
 In changeless sing-song, stagey of the stage.
 Such was, I say, the histrionic fashion;
 And, in presenting whatsoever passion—
 Fear or despair, or rage or mirth or dolour—
 Each human character was made to talk
 A language smooth as any gravel walk
 • Rolled with a garden-roller.
 So did not Garrick. Nature was the guide,
 The faithful prompter, ever at his side.
 Now would she urge him to a fervid haste;
 Now, bid the torrent of his passion halt; he
 Offended much his friends,
 Who made amends
 For stop-watch criticism, by praise unbounded
 When he, at fitting time, his periods rounded.
 Still, in their pleasant rillery,
 They twitted him with acting to the gallery.
 True to his art, he scorned the rules of 'taste.'
 Johnson pronounced his declamation faulty,
 Rugged, unregulated, wild, barbaric;
 Yet somehow all were moved by David Garrick.
 One day our rogue and vagabond was bid
 To dinner with my lord and sundry friends.
 You see, this little David was a king,
 Simple as any shepherd ne'ertheless;
 And he to princely feasts a grace could bring
 As proud and modest as true gentleness
 To merry wit and social humour lends.
 Gay as Cervantes, gallant as the Cid,
 Was Garrick on an eighteenth-century plan.
 He was amusing, and a gentleman.
 In spite, however, of the magic spell
 Of David's dinner-table conversation,
 He did not find his jokes go off so well
 On this occasion.
 Perhaps he touched upon some private sore;
 Perhaps he told a tale,
 Which if not stale,
 At least the company had heard before;
 So voted him a bore.

Perhaps—and this was very likely too—
 The guests, as guests are often prone to do,
 Paid more attention when their noble host
 Proposed a toast
 Than when the honoured and the grateful wit
 Replied to it.
 At all events the truth remains to say
 That Garrick felt the slight, and slipped away.
 He was not missed until a cry was heard—
 A scream, a screech, a yell,
 That rose and fell.
 My lords and gentlemen, without a word,
 Sat round the table in astonished fear
 The noise to hear.
 And so they listened silently; but after
 A little while they knew the sound was laughter.
 It seemed to issue from a court below;
 And, curious to know
 What was the cause of such hilarious bother,
 The feasters all went elbowing one another
 In pell-mell race
 Down to the open place.
 And there they saw a little Afric boy,
 Black as an ebon toy,
 A turbaned slave with earrings large and round,
 Who rolled upon the ground,
 Shricketing at Mr. David Garrick, fit
 To split.
 With sidling gait, between a strut and hobble,
 And indistinctly guttural ‘gobble, gobble,’
 And angry eyes, and wagging head and gill,
 With fussy rage the court did Garrick fill;
 His antics being well designed to mock
 A turkey-cock.
 He stopped, perceiving all his friends draw near,
 Desirous though they were to see and hear.
 ‘Your servant, gentlemen,’ he gravely said,
 Baring his head,
 And bowing with an air that made him tall
 (His figure was, for Tragedy, too small)—
 ‘My dusky little friend, you see, has paid
 With laughter certain efforts I have made
 To entertain him; and, the truth to tell,
 I like almost as well
 Such unenforced applause as fame and salary.
 You scarce were in the vein of mirth upstairs,
 And so I left your table unawares.
 ’Twas growing plaguey dull, ’twixt you and me;
 And now you see
 I’m *acting to the gallery.*’

GODFREY TURNER.

GUDGEON AND GOOSEBERRIES.

OUT in a punt on the indolent stream,
Where white water-lilies so lazily dream,

Charlie and May

The whole of the day

Sat fishing for gudgeon, roach, barbel, and bream

While brother Tom on angling bent,

Keeps on his float an eye intent;

And Nellie, who cares not for rod or for hook,
Is deeply engrossed in a pleasant new book.

Thus gudgeon and gooseberries gather they !

The fishes are real,

The berries ideal,

And 'tis capital sport—so say Charlie and May.

How time is flying they little have thought,
And of dinner hour simply remember nought;

Charlie and May

Are not hungry, they say,

Nor tired, though no stickleback e'en have they caught.

But Tom—that unromantic boy—

Vows he his tea would much enjoy ;

And Nellie's reluctantly forced to decline
On gooseberries purely ideal to dine.

So to gudgeon and gooseberries, well-a-day !

The fishes so real,

The fruit so ideal,

They must e'en bid farewell awhile—Charlie and May.

But out in the punt on the indolent stream
The happy young couple have dreamt their dream;

Charlie and May

Are now fiancés ;

For hearts, not for gudgeon, they angled, I deem.

And Tom—that unromantic lad—

To Charlie call a brother 's glad ;

While Nellie just wonders to whom will occur
Metaphorical gooseberry-picking for her.

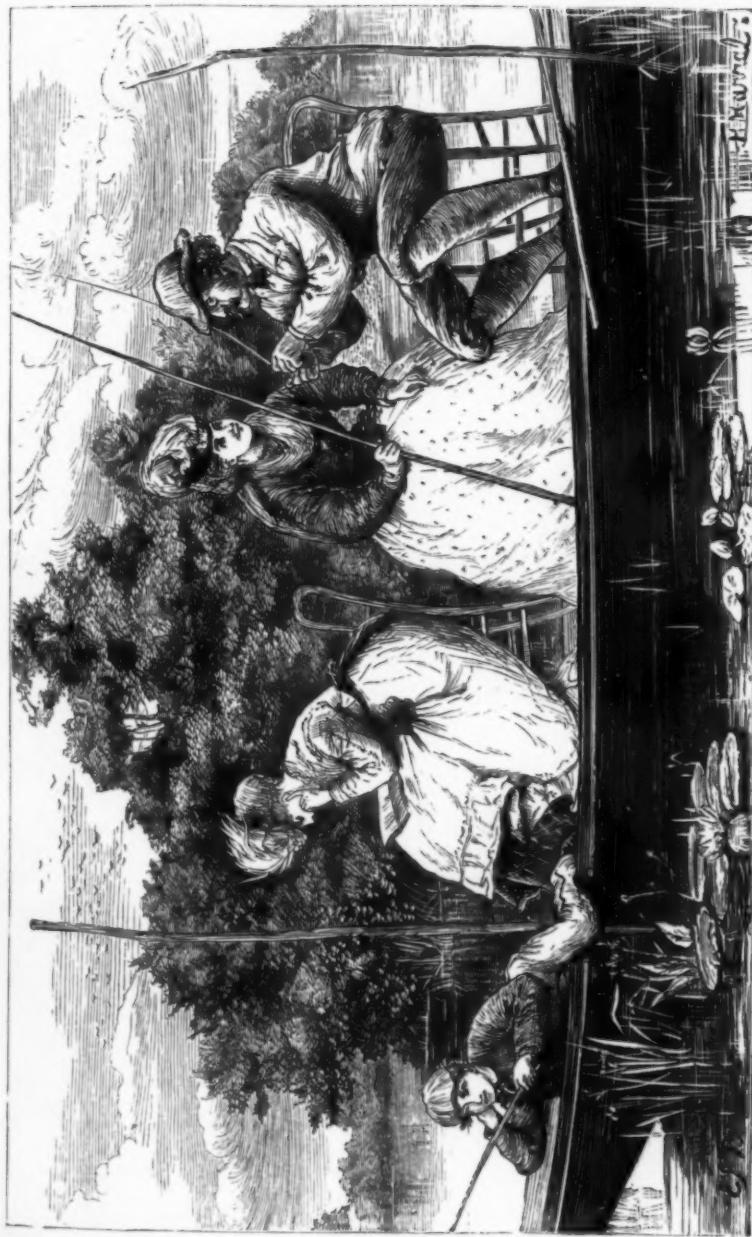
Oh, gudgeon and gooseberries, pray you, purvey,

The fishes, please, real,

The fruit not ideal,

At the glad wedding-breakfast of Charlie and May !





GUDRON AND COOSE REDDIE

Drawn by E. F. Brewall.]





Retreat of the Prussians



- L'Empire est la Paix -



OVER THE WELSH MOUNTAINS.

Sketched by Horace Stanton.

XUM

A SEASIDE SANATORIUM.

EVERYBODY has heard of the *Ranz des Vaches*—simple airs sung to please the cows; a sort of vaccine lullabies—which, when heard by Swiss mercenaries in foreign service, caused them to droop, and even to die, of home-sickness and longing after their native land. It was an unreasonable and inconsistent sentiment; they could not at the same time sell themselves and be masters to sojourn where they chose. But the fact and the feeling are historical. Every self-expatriated Swiss of that epoch could have sincerely sung (had they at that date been composed) Isabelle's couplets in the *Pré aux Clercs*, 'Rendez moi ma patrie, ou laissez moi mourir.'

Perhaps this pining away of the self-exiled Swiss was only an intenser form of the pigeon's attachment to her dove-cote, the swallow's return to the familiar eaves under which she built her last year's nest, or the Frenchman's affection for his village steeple, which he can never allow to be out of his sight. In that case it was excusable. As a matter of taste, there may be two opinions; as a question of convenience, comfort, and health, there can be but one. Mountains utterly unproductive throughout a great part of their area; a climate trying from its extreme and sudden contrasts of heat and cold; air, water, diet, or something, tending to produce scrofula, goitre, and idiatism, do not surely constitute an earthly paradise.

Consequently, there are persons (and I am one of them) who have their longings in a diametrically opposite direction. After a month in Switzerland, they have had enough of it, and begin pining and hankering after THE SEA. They think of it with that ardent desire which the Germans so vividly call '*sehnsucht*'. The wind amongst the branches of the trees recalls to them the voice of the waves. The roaring of the autumnal gale is their suggestive *Ranz des Vaches*. They are seized (sometimes without knowing what ails them) with sea-

sickness of a special form. They sicken for, instead of being made sick by, the sea. They are sea-sick, as many young folks are love-sick. They suffer, not from nostalgia, but from thalassalgia, if I may coin the word. The sight of a live crawfish wrapped in seaweed (which the railways have exhibited to wondering Switzerland) excites them as the October breezes excite the swallow to be off. They pant to escape from the imprisonment of mountains, and to breathe freely the air of the tide-worn cliff.

At this season, almost every English family who can, goes to the sea-side for a shorter or a longer period. It is a habit or a fashion most desirable to adopt, and when adopted to be persisted in. Instinct suggests the wish, and reason approves of its gratification. People take it as a pleasure trip, and secure health as the result. They do even better and get even more—the prevention as well as the cure of disorders that might otherwise prove mortal in the end. For scrofula and for sundry mysterious diseases really of scrofulous origin, there is only one real specific remedy—that wonder of wonders, the sea. Consequently, a seaside villa, cottage, hovel, hut, or tent, is more than an article of luxury; it is a hospital home, a prolonger of life, a regenerator, often more necessary than is suspected. When Mrs. Purseyveal, the butcher's rich relict, brags and makes a fuss about leaving town to spend the summer at her Cockleshell Cottage, her Calypso's Grot, her Submarine Villa, her Paradise Pavilion, her Neptune's Lodge, or whatever other name she sticks on her green-painted garden gate, many people who laugh at her would find the benefit of doing as she does.

Regrets, they say, are unavailing. It's no use crying over spilt milk. But one thing I do regret; one spilt pot of milk I do cry over, now and then. Once in the course of my life, now some years ago, I might have bought a seaside cottage and garden, in fee simple and freehold,

for the ruinous sum of eight pounds sterling (8*l.*)—and I didn't. It was not a mansion, nor the garden an Eden; but, like Mercutio's wound, it would do. There were four stone walls and a solid roof; the edifice might have been enlarged at leisure. The Eden also might have been extended at a rate as reasonable as the purchase-money asked. I do regret letting slip that opportunity; not because that patch of sandy ground has risen since to the rank of a 'property,' not because a bridge, a road, and a railway station have enhanced its value perhaps twenty fold; but because, up to the present writing, I possess no Cockleshell Cottage or other marine pied-à-terre of my own.

Talk of taking mineral waters! Is not sea water a mineral water? Although its principal mineral components vary a little according to the latitude, the neighbourhood of rivers' mouths, and the distance from the shore, it always contains mainly chloride of sodium, and in smaller quantity sulphates of magnesia and lime, chloride of magnesium, alkaline carbonates, with traces of bromine and iodine, which are very effectual as remedial agents, in spite of the excessively small proportion in which they enter into the composition of the whole. Is not that enough to make mineral water? The tenth part of those ingredients would suffice to make the fortune of a spring.

One of the greatest authorities on this subject—Dr. Constantin James, the same who so narrowly escaped assassination in a railway carriage on the Lyons and Marseilles line—says that sea water is a veritable mineral water; it is even the most mineralised of all waters. The saline principles which it holds in solution are so considerable in volume, that it has been calculated, of course approximatively, that they would suffice to cover the whole American continent with a mountain of salt at least five thousand feet high; which is not surprising when we remember that, at certain points, it is some three and twenty thousand feet deep; and if equally spread over the earth's surface, would

cover it with a stratum of water something like seven hundred feet thick. The doctor recommends these figures to those who make the insufficient quantity of water their principal argument against the biblical deluge.

All seas are not equally salt. The saltier they are, the more rapid and energetic is their action on the bodily system; also, the denser, and consequently the more buoyant are they. The saltier a sea is the easier is it to swim in it, as is immediately perceived by whoever bathes in the Mediterranean. One of the freshest or least salt seas known, is the Black Sea, being scarcely half as strong as oceanic waters in general. The circumstance explains itself by the immense volume of the rivers which run into this sea. It also accounts for the difficulties of navigation experienced by the attacking fleets at the siege of Sebastopol. They drew, off the Crimea, more water than they had drawn at Cherbourg or in the Downs. Moreover, the ships not sheathed with copper were perforated, there, by certain worms which cannot live in the saltier waters of the Mediterranean. In the upper part of the Baltic Sea the surface water is fresh enough to drink and to be taken in by ships as their provision for voyages.

The Black Sea, almost inevitably, must one day become completely fresh; as has happened to the so-called Lake Baikal, evidently an inland sea. Else, how explain the presence there of sponges, skate-fish, sturgeon, seals—creatures whose native home is in salt waters, although capable of living in fresh, especially when inured to it by gradual transition? The Baikal has freshened sooner than the Black Sea in consequence of the number and volume of its affluents, which subject its contents to an incessant rinsing, and carry off with them every particle of salt, to deposit it in the Polar Seas. On the other hand, the saltiness of the Mediterranean (which contains three thousandth-parts of salts more than the ocean) is owing to its great loss of fresh water from its surface by evaporation, which would lower its

level, were not the equilibrium maintained by a supply from the ocean through the Straits of Gibraltar. Sea water, moreover, contains another constituent to which analysts pay little attention, but which is not without considerable practical importance; namely, certain organic substances, which M. Bory de Saint-Vincent calls the mucosities of the sea, but which we will simply style the mucus. It is this which causes sea water to putrefy so quickly, producing sulphuretted hydrogen and sulphhydrate of ammonia. It is to the mucus that marine plants and animals owe their smoothness and their slipperiness, and also certain fishes and mollusks their bright and silvery surfaces, which make them look as if encased in mother-of-pearl. To the 'mucosities' are likewise mainly owing the smell, the stickiness, and the nauseous taste of sea water. Its flavour is not simply salt, but bitter and disagreeable, which is owing to the salts of soda and magnesia and to the organic matters just spoken of.

Are we to suppose that this mucus of the sea has no physiological influence? Dr. Constantin James believes that such an opinion would be a very great mistake. 'On the contrary,' he says, 'the mucus represents the essential and in some sort the vital element of the sea, its presence explaining certain phenomena and certain acts which, without it, would be inexplicable.'

Bory de Saint-Vincent asked, 'What is the mucus of the sea? Is it not the universal element of life?'

Michelet, after puzzling himself with the subject, went to consult an eminent chemist, a practical man, at once bold and cautious in his speculations, and, without any preface, abruptly put his question: 'Monsieur, what, in your opinion, is that whitish, glutinous element which sea water presents?'

'It is life, and nothing else.' Then, to give greater clearness to his phrase, he added: 'I mean that it is matter already half organised and completely organisable. But the subject calls for investigation. It has not yet been taken up seriously.'

Leaving the chemist, Michelet

went to a great physiologist, whose opinion is not less authoritative, and put the same question. His reply was very eloquent, and very long. Here is just a little bit of a summary of that long reply:

'We no more know the constitution of sea water than we know the constitution of blood. The best guess we can make about the mucus is that it is at once an end and a beginning—the result of life (not of decomposition), and the sustenance of nascent life.' Without, therefore, beating further about the bush, we will agree with M. Hardy, who calls sea water the very best of mineral waters.

It is also administered in the same way as a beverage. At Berck-sur-Mer, Doctor Paul Perrochaud—about which and whom I have more to tell you shortly, but must proceed with my story in logical order—gives it daily to his little patients there, in the alternative dose of half a beer glass twice a day; and the results have always proved favourable. In these quantities, sea water assists the digestion and manifestly purifies the blood. This was also the practice of the English doctors Buchan and Russell, who invented the sea—as a restorer of health.

So much for its qualities. Allow me half a word as to the supply. Many mineral springs, reputed of great virtue, are scant in quantity. At several of the Pyrenean eaux the water is insufficient for baths *ad libitum*, and has to be 'economised.' The expedients which that necessity may lead to are not particularly pleasant to think of. At some, the great, common, gratuitous piscine or swimming bath, the pool of Bethesda for the poor, is supplied, at least in part, with the contents of the baths of paying bathers. But the sea! That reservoir, one would say, contains enough mineral water for everybody. And yet—I fear that some of my readers will think I am stating the thing which is not—there are places in France where you may not take that water without the leave of the customs-men. The object of the prohibition is to prevent people from employing un-

taxed sea water in the place of taxed salt. A lady of my acquaintance, who had a marine aquarium stocked with choice and beautiful sea anemones, was obligingly accorded a written permit to send and fetch water from the sea (not taking too much) whenever she wanted it.

But besides sea water, my merry young friends (whose pa's and ma's have taken them down to the coast) will also find sea air. Sea air does not differ *in itself* from that breathed inland, except by its extreme purity. According to Admiral Fitzroy, ozone more especially abounds in the neighbourhood of the sea, and the winds which blow from the offing contain a larger quantity of it. The constant evaporation from the surface of the sea maintains a certain degree of moisture in the air, which differs from that of continents in being beneficial rather than injurious. And when the winds blow from the sea, which mostly happens, they whip the tops of the waves, and become laden with little drops of sea water reduced to the state of impalpable powder. To be convinced of this, you have only to lick your lips during a seaside walk on a gusty day. At the 'eaux' they reduce mineral water to powder, for breathing, by a mechanical apparatus called a 'pulverisateur.' On the beach kind Nature does it for you gratis.

Now air in this state possesses very powerful curative virtues. Buchan cites cases of catarrhal affections overcome by simply breathing sea air, and a host of other medical writers have testified to its efficacy. At the level of the sea, moreover, the air is more dense than higher up inland. The pressure of the atmosphere is both more uniform and more considerable, and most holiday-makers have experienced the effects of that pressure on the animal economy. All the functions of life become more active, the breathing is deeper and easier, the circulation more regular, the digestion more energetic, the appetite sharp, and thirst less pressing. You eat more and digest better; you are glad to take exercise, and

enjoy it when taken. Really my friend Mrs. Purseyveal was no simpleton when she made the purchase of Cockleshell Cottage, and filled it with all sorts of comforts and curiosities—provided she knew what she was doing.

The peculiar smell perceived at the seaside ought to teach persons even utterly ignorant of medicine that the air there possesses virtues and properties quite different to the air of continents. That smell is difficult to describe—all smells are difficult to describe, except by saying this smell is like that smell; for instance, the flower forget-me-not smells like green gooseberry tart; but it is impossible to forget it after smelling it once. Its cause has been variously explained. The most plausible account of it is this. We have seen that the wind pulverises the tops of the waves; the waves also pulverise themselves by dashing against the rocks or the beach, and rebounding in the form of spray. The billows literally kick up a dust; the air is filled with dusty water. Now this peculiar odour is never more powerful than in stormy weather; and it seems quite natural to attribute it to the impalpable droplets of salt water floating in the air. It is, in fact, the sea itself that we smell.

I should be very wrong not to give the warning that sea air does not suit *all* invalids. So sharp and pure, it cannot fail to be exciting, and consequently injurious for affections of the chest already far advanced, and for those excessively delicate constitutions whom Napoleon used to call 'souls of lace.' Remedies capable of doing a deal of good are also capable of doing a deal of harm. I here confine myself to insisting on the benefits to be derived from the sea in cases of, or tendencies to, scrofula.

'My good sir,' exclaims a lady reader, 'why shock our ears with that ugly word?'

'Because, my dear madam, that ugly word is also an ugly fact, which is not to be suppressed by ignoring it; because, I repeat, to be logical, I cannot tell you my tale of the Seaside Sanatorium without men-

tioning it; and because, madam, if you are not yet a mother, it is possible that you may one day be so. I would not have you as ignorant as a certain mother, whose doings I should disbelieve were they not beyond all doubt.

'Pray what did she do?'

'Little enough. Nothing. But as you ought to know the consequences of doing nothing, oblige me with your attention for a couple of minutes. In the first place, you can make any child scrofulous by a due course of improper treatment. A scrofulous person has been described as a house built of bad materials from top to bottom. It was so in this case. The lady (not of the United Kingdom) held that "when you are rich you are independent." Her independence led her to bring up her children as follows, and to make them perfectly scrofulous. Not being able, or not choosing, to suckle them herself, she gave them from their birth the suck-bottle, an instrument sure to kill delicate children. Disdaining to trouble herself about them, she confided them to a couple of young nursemaids, whose only care was to prevent their squalling; which object they attained by gorging them with pap and questionable milk. To keep them quiet, at three years old they still gave them big suck-bottles full of sugar and water, with which to amuse themselves by day and by night. The poor little weaklings felt none of the benign influence of the master's or the mistress's eye. Consequently, beneath their expensive finery they were always filthy and full of vermin. At three and a half they were sent to school, to get them out of the way. At six or seven half her children, born healthy, had enormous sores at and round their necks. Her independence had given them scrofula, a disease from which both she and her husband were exempt, and which had never been known to occur in their families.'

'What a wicked creature!'

'Call her rather ignorant and thoughtless. Probably she would not have done so had somebody taken the trouble to tell her what I

am now venturing to tell you. I have said that half her children became afflicted; but the other half, although without any decided strumous manifestation, nevertheless presented the type — big-headed, pigeon-breasted, and the rest of it.'

'It might have been that which made them ill.'

'No, no. The aspect presented by scrofulous persons is the effect and not the cause of the disease. It is even observable during the period which may be called its incubation. Everything, with them, is out of proportion. Too short or too tall, too stout or too thin, they seem deficient in that innate force which in other people regulates the course of their growth and moulds every member into proportion and harmony with the rest of their body. The form of their skull is generally singular; the back part largely developed, the forehead low, the neck short, the jaws heavy and protruding, the lips thick. Their features offer striking contrasts. Sometimes the eye is bright and brilliant, sometimes dull and deathlike; one has a rosy and transparent complexion, another's is pale and earthy in hue; some have a luxuriant head of hair, while a greater number are almost bald. Their irregularity of stature is instanced by Albert, who gives in his lectures the case of a lad who remained quite short and little up to the age of fourteen, when he suddenly shot up to six feet four!'

'Extraordinary!'

'Still more extraordinary that, for these strange symptoms and affections, the sea, the blessed sea, should be the remedy, which brings me to the pith of my story. If the rich often suffer from this heavy affliction, what must be the case with the poor? You, my dear madam, if circumstances require it, can take your ailing young folks to the sea; the town-pent artisan cannot. And here the work of benevolence steps in.'

In a paper headed 'Sands of Life,' in 'All the Year Round,' vol. v., first series, we find mention of a good physician, Doctor Paul Perrochaud, then of Montreuil-sur-Mer, France. The paper says: 'Every-

body has his hobby; Dr. Perrochaud's hobby is SCROFULOUS CHILDREN. And why not? A scrofulous child is far more interesting than a healthy child; in fact, a healthy child is uninteresting. It never gives you the excitement of fearing that it should go blind, or should melt away to nothing, or become frightful to behold with abscesses and scars, or be a cripple for life with white swellings and stiff joints, if consumption do not shorten its sufferings. With a healthy child you have no need to sit up o' nights, watching whether the flame of life is to go out speedily or to flicker on a little longer. A healthy child never gives you the pleasure of observing the results of successful treatment—the look that assures a fresh hold on existence, the increasing flesh, the clearer complexion, the smile.

* But if the scrofulous child be also a poor child—the child of parents confined within large cities, or a foundling child in a foundling hospital, fatherless and motherless—our interest in the child increases tenfold. It is a romance in one volume, whose tedious chapters we cannot skip and turn to the end to satisfy our curiosity. Actual life, if we wish to study it, insists on our being unflinching readers; we must follow every individual page before we can arrive at the conclusion. How strong the interest, is proved by the way in which the appetite grows with the indulgence. Dr. Perrochaud began with nursing one scrofulous child; he now has one hundred under his wing: he hopes in a year or two to get some four or five hundred together.*

He has them; but we must not go on too fast. An oak is a fine tree to look at and to have; but it started in life as a simple acorn. The palatial Hôpital Napoléon, which now graces the beach of Berck-sur-Mer, bad for its acorn and its origin something much resembling a fisherman's hut. Dr. Perrochaud's sea-side treatment of his own private patients began in 1854; but in 1856, two years afterwards, some rickety foundlings were sent to Berck from Paris by the

Assistance Publique, and MM. Frère and Perrochaud undertook to visit them three times a week. In 1858 they had nothing but cures to register—not a single death—and heaven knows what children they were, puny, weakly, exhausted, all but dying.

Here please excuse a short parenthesis. My readers who do know will pardon my informing those who do not, that the Assistance Publique of Paris^{*} is a charitable institution, so wealthy and influential that it may almost be called a power, which relieves the poor of the metropolis, maintains hospitals, besides accomplishing other good works. Its resources may be guessed at from one item of income—the tenth part of the gross receipts (not the profits) of all the theatres in Paris every night.

The Assistance Publique, then, sent this hopeless lot of poor infants, to be taken in charge by a widow at Berck, to try if the sea could save their lives; and it did. It is a pity, for the sake of my story, that it was not always the same benevolent widow who fulfilled the task; but the first widow, already advanced in years, could not long continue her work. So they were, I may almost say, adopted by another widow, who would do anything for them, except hear them cry; they had only to whine a little and pipe their eye, to get her to permit or to give them whatever their whimsies pleased to exact. And please, reader, if you are a father or mother, isn't spoiling sick children a necessary, and often an effectual part of their medical treatment? At any rate, we all know the results of the opposite mode of treatment—unkindness. Widow Brillard (I like better to call her Marianne) spoiled and cured them so well, that in 1859 the Assistance Publique sent her thirty sick babes, and three Sisters of Charity to help her. The sanatory acorn had taken root and was beginning to put forth promising shoots; it was already something more than a sapling. The Assistance Publique soon built on the

* See 'On the French Stage,' at p. 433 of the May No. of 'London Society.'

shore a wooden hospital containing a hundred beds, which received its little patients in July, 1861. Marianne had then to relinquish her charge : she very unwillingly gave up the delights of being worried all day by one fretful child or another, and having her rest broken half-a-dozen times every night. It is this wooden hospital for poor scrofulous children which was described in the first series of 'All the Year Round.'

The subject might furnish a nursery rhyme. Suppose we try one :-

'There was an old woman, she dwelt by the sea,
And a very good little old woman was she.
She took boys and girls that were sick, for her pleasure,
And told them to search on the beach for a treasure;
If they hadn't the strength so far to repair,
Her wheelbarrow merrily trundled them there.
They paddled, and puddled, and frolicked;
and then
Her wheelbarrow trundled them all back again.
"And as to the treasure, my dears," she would say,
"Twill be found, sure, to-morrow, if not found to-day.
The treasure of treasures, the wealthiest of wealth,
The jewel of jewels, my darlings, is Health."
So she gave them good broth with plenty of bread,
She wiped all their noses and put them to bed.'

The wooden hospital, already a tree, bore such satisfactory fruits, that M. Husson, the director of the Assistance Publique, determined to build close by it (not suppressing it) a magnificent hospital of brick and stone, capable of receiving at least five hundred patients, which now is a thing to see. All this took time to effect; but at present it is in admirable working order, with every comfort and every luxury likely to contribute to a cure that wealth and fondness can supply; for the children experience something quite different to charitable treatment. The spoiling system, begun by poor old Marianne, and continued in the wooden hospital, is persisted in in the stately establishment at Berck-sur-Mer, which has received the name of the 'Hôpital Napoléon.'

And don't they look happy, those rescued children! 'But where are the *malades*?' I asked, on stepping into the great-boys' school-room. 'These are the *malades*; of course they are getting better fast.' They learn lessons out of pride, rather than through compulsion. Those about to do their first communion (analogous to our confirmation) would be ashamed not to know their catechism. The little ones do much as they like. The hospital is stamped with luxury, beginning with the central church, over whose altar is written the appropriate text, 'Let little children come unto me.' What else but luxury are the patterned pavement, the stained glass windows, the comfortable benches with backs corresponding to the stature of the sitters? Is it not luxury for poor sick children to be able to go from one part of the building to another in glazed corridors decorated with pot plants; to have toys, and Christmas trees, and magic-lantern shows in due season; to bathe in winter in a pool of warm seawater, in a conservatory garnished with flowers; to have *primeurs*, early fruits and vegetables, regularly sent from Paris, meat on fast-days, and fish (for the sake of the phosphates and oil it contains) when not commanded by the discipline of their church? Their abstinence consists of four meals a day; and, instead of thin potations, the little topers quaff generous Abbeville beer. This is the way in which the hospital combats the disastrous effects of insufficient alimentation, which may have been, and often is, one of the causes of the patient's illness.

Berck has a beach composed entirely of sand, whereon you may take a twelve miles' walk, whatever be the state of the tide. No fresh-water streams deposit their mud there. It is naked as far as trees are concerned; but it is sheltered from north and east winds, and not a ray of sunshine is lost. At every tide the sea retires for nearly a mile, and on returning covers the sands with a sheet of limpid water in which you can bathe without the slightest danger, and in which the children can indulge in the romps and duck-

ings which are an essential part of their seaside treatment.

One peculiarity, and also advantage, consists in a number of little hollows or pools, which the peasants call *bâches*, left by the tide. They remain in the same spots, except occasionally when the grand tides of the equinoxes, aided by high winds, change their places. The main point is that *bâches* always exist. As they remain uncovered by the sea for four or five hours between every tide, and are always quite shallow, the water in them, exposed to the sun, rapidly attains a temperature of from 70° to 80° Fahrenheit. They are just the places for children to dabble in, and fish for shrimps and crabs up to their waists in water; and the smarter their clothes, the more they would enjoy spoiling them. I need hardly tell you that the more boys and girls are told not to wet themselves in puddles, the more they persist in doing it. The sanatory advantages derived from this perverse instinct are great. New-comes children, as well as those who are too young or too delicate to be allowed to bathe in the open sea, play in the *bâches* without inconvenience, become rapidly acclimatised, and experience a change in their health for the better, under the combined influence of sea air and sea water. In early spring and in autumn, when the sea is too cold to allow of their bathing, the children are taken every day to play in the *bâches*. Dr. Perrochaud has proved the efficacy of this practice by more than seven hundred observations.

In fact, except during the time allotted to meals and sleep, the children are always on the beach, weather permitting, improvising gymnastic feats, and scrambling about the dunes, where they play at taking hip-baths in the warm dry sand. Constantly exposed to the effects of sunshine and sea air, their occupation is, to sleep well all night, and to work hard all day at doing nothing. Nude-footed during summer and lightly clad, these children, so delicate at their arrival, often affected with bronchites which resist the most careful treatment,

soon get rid of them, and brave the changes of the weather without taking the slightest cold. Add to this, baths twice a day—but very short baths, from three to five minutes at most—half a tumbler of sea water morning and night, a wholesome and nutritious diet, and you have the whole course of treatment followed at Berck.

This treatment is the same for all, except for the new arrivals, who do not bathe in the sea until they are well acclimatised to the shore. In winter, they lead the same sort of life. The children are clad a little more warmly and do not bathe in the sea, and that is all. For some, nevertheless, the cold bath, which they cannot take, is replaced by baths of warm sea water. Often, when a child has taken baths during six weeks or two months, they are interrupted for a fortnight, and then recommenced afresh.

At the beginning of autumn Dr. Perrochaud gives them all cod-liver oil in liberal doses, not as a medicine, but simply to supply them with an aliment rich in carbon, which, transformed into animal heat by respiration, enables them to resist the cold. They are, in fact, too puny and weak to furnish of themselves the materials for a sufficiently active respiration; and the injurious effects of cold on the scrofulous are incontestable. True, they might be kept shut up in well-warmed rooms; but in that case, what would be the use of bringing them to the seaside? They must be able to live in the open air at all times; and the means employed by Dr. Perrochaud are certainly the best that can be suggested. The further you advance into the Arctic regions, the more you will find the food of the inhabitants to consist of oil, fish, and fatty matters. The Laplanders, the Esquimaux, and the Greenlanders, live exclusively on animal food and fish oil, of which latter they consume enormous quantities. This diet, at which our strongest stomachs would revolt, enabled them to resist extraordinarily low temperatures.

The physiological explanation of the fact is simple. Animal heat is

in direct proportion to the carbonic acid given out by expiration; in other words, to the quantity of carbon burnt within us. This carbon is introduced by our food, and cod-liver oil contains a large supply. No alimentary substance can exclusively replace fatty articles of diet. The oil, therefore, thus administered, allows the children to take open-air exercise in all weathers; and exercise is indispensable in order that the oil be utilised. We thus find ourselves moving in a circle, of which there are many in pathology; the effect becomes the cause, and *vice versa*. The results are what M. Perrochaud expected. So well do the children resist the winter's cold, that, when they can do it without being observed, they will pull off their shoes and stockings, in order to run about barefoot on the frozen sand.

The results obtained are as rapid as brilliant. In five or six weeks, the children who arrived in a pitiable state of weakness recover fresh vitality. Instead of being dull and indifferent, remaining without budging wherever they are put, they become brisk and lively, and beg to be allowed to play with the others. This transformation—almost this resurrection—is so manifest, that when the Empress visited the hospital in 1864, she wished to put the matter to the test. The children were brought to her altogether. Her Majesty, without making a single mistake, picked out those who had only just arrived at the seaside from those who had enjoyed a longer residence there.

Finally, the object of this paper is threefold: First, to induce even a greater liking than actually exists for seaside holidays, by giving reasons why we ought to indulge that liking. Secondly, to point out to benevolent persons a model seaside sanatorium, which, though specially intended to aid the most helpless members of a civilised community (namely, the sick children of working people, especially

those residing in towns), can easily be adapted to the requirements of adults, whether male or female. Thirdly, to indicate to sufferers and their friends a spot where they will find every requisite for their successful treatment—pure sea air, baths, quiet, creature comforts, and first-rate medical advice, if needed. No doubt all those advantages are to be obtained at home; we should be unfortunate indeed were we obliged to go abroad to seek them: which does not prevent my speaking, in terms of merited eulogy, of what Berck-sur-Mer has been made, with its magnificent Hôpital Napoléon, by the untiring zeal of Dr. Paul Perrochaud.

Persons desirous of further information, whether official or professional, will do well to consult the following works:—

'Rapport sur les résultats obtenus dans le traitement des Enfants Scrofuleux à l'Hôpital de Berck-sur-Mer (Pas-de-Calais). Par M. le Docteur Bergeron.' Paris, Paul Dupont, Imprimeur de l'Administration de l'Assistance Publique, Rue de Grenelle Saint Honoré, 45. 1866.

'Hôpital Napoléon, Fondé sur la Plage de Berck (Pas-de-Calais), pour le traitement des Enfants Scrofuleux. Règlement du Service Intérieur.' Paris, Paul Dupont, 41, Rue J. J. Rousseau (Hôtel des Fermes). 1869.

'De l'influence du Séjour à Berck (Pas-de-Calais) dans le traitement des Scrofules. Par Gaston Houzel, Docteur en Médecine.' Paris, Ancienne Maison Gustave Retaux, C. Pichon-Lamy Successeur, Librairie-Éditeur, 15, Rue Cujas (Ancienne Rue des Grés). 1868.

'Notice sur l'Hôpital Napoléon, Fondé à Berck-sur-Mer (Pas-de-Calais).' Paris, Imprimerie Administrative de Paul Dupont, 41, Rue J. J. Rousseau. 1869.

To the third of these especially the present writer is much indebted, with the assistance of his own personal observations.

E. S. D.

GYMNASIICS FOR LADIES.

A LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY IN LONDON TO A YOUNG LADY
IN THE COUNTRY.

MY DEAR CLARA,
 I am not, as you know, a Girl of the Period, in the 'Saturday Review' sense of the term, but I confess to being a reasonable person, and in that capacity have naturally considerable sympathy with some of the movements—as they are called—of the day, in which our sex are concerned. And I must add that I think you are mistaken in supposing—as you do in your timid way—that it is unfeminine or unladylike for a girl or a woman to take, to a certain extent, an active part in life. I have no desire to be a doctor or a lawyer; and I thank Heaven that I have no need to be a governess, or a housemaid, or a needlewoman, or anything of that kind—to say nothing of so dismal a position as that of a professional 'companion.' I don't want a vote; though if I held property in my own right, in the position of a spinster or a widow, I should consider myself entitled to such influence in the representation of the country as that property would give me were I man. And this just claim, papa tells me, is certain to be conceded before long. For the rest, I consider Mr. Stuart Mill an embodiment of conscientiousness gone crazy, and his sentimental ideas of woman's rights as so much moonshine. You see I am rather decided in my views; and I look forward to the day—after your promised visit to us in Park Lane—when you will agree with me.

At present you have not recovered from the effects of the absurd training we both experienced at 'Pallas House, Establishment for Young Ladies.' I don't mean to say you are quite what that odious Miss Parallelogram meant to make you. She had the prejudice still common among her class, and had an idea that to be feminine and ladylike was to have nothing but negative characteristics, and to be thoroughly useless to everybody, including ourselves. We could not help getting a little education of a certain kind,

in which what they call accomplishments played the principal part; but anything like ideas was out of the question. And to what a dreary dead level of mental as well as physical deportment did the system threaten to bring us! Miss Parallelogram seemed to consider that every lady ought to be like every other lady, and reduced to as rigorous a modification of mind as of manner and voice. It is unfeminine, she considered, to have decided opinions upon any subject, and even more unladylike to express them; and as for the voice, it must now only be low—that to a certain extent is proper enough—but the language must be minced so as to be scarcely intelligible. I believe that her ideal of a thorough lady resembles those beautifully-dressed dolls in the fashion books who stand upon terraces in ball costumes or pay one another morning visits, holding their parasols as if they were pens, and who always seem to be saying to one another, 'That is a sweet toilet of yours today,' or, 'What a charming ball that was last night at the duchess's!' I am sure she thinks that it is not feminine to have feeling or lady-like to have heart; and I suspect that she values her religion principally because it is respectable, induces decorous habits in public, and keeps the common people in order.

To be feminine and ladylike—how I learned to detest those two words! —a girl, according to Miss Parallelogram, must not only forbear from the exercise of her independent intelligence, and be thoroughly helpless in all relations of life apart from conventional society, but must positively not allow herself to appear in too vigorous a state of health. To look very healthy is to look vulgar, according to her idea—'as if one were a farmer's daughter,' as she said one day to me, with a little affected shudder at the bare notion. To look pale and interesting she conceived to be the first qualification for being feminine and ladylike;

and I can quite fancy that being feminine and ladylike in her way must be quite incompatible with a physical state of health. I suppose it was to modify our sanitary condition, like everything else belonging to us, that she kept us so much shut up, and allowed us nothing more than the gentlest exercise when we went out of doors. It is true that we had our dancing days—and very glad we were, as I need not tell you, when they came round; and those who so desired, you may remember, went through a little mild calisthenics. But with these exceptions we took our most violent exercise when we practised the proper manner of getting in and out of a carriage—by means of that old rattletrap which was kept in the garden for the purpose.

Miss Parallelogram's ideas of what a lady ought or ought not to do are, in fact, very much like those of the common people themselves; and I met with an illustration of this the other day. A housemaid of ours heard a man in the street singing some old song about 'Under the walnut tree, dance with me' and so forth. It was dreadful drivel, but her objection to it was upon a different ground. 'Like his impudence,' she was heard to say; 'as if any lady would dance under a walnut tree.' I was greatly amused, too, at a remark made by the same girl, when she was sent to some people a few doors off, to see if a parcel for us from Marshall and Snelgrove's had been left at their house by mistake. They are strange kind of people, and would not attend to a message, but told Jane that if her mistress 'would call round' they would answer her. 'So I told her, of course,' added Jane, 'that my mistress would not lower herself by going out in the fog.' Really Miss Parallelogram's sentiments were not much less ridiculous than these.

But I am digressing from my main purpose in writing to you—and I was coming to the point just now, when referring to the preposterous idea that it is not feminine or ladylike to be healthy and active. There is a growing protest against this absurdity in London just now—

and of course I do not suppose that you, in the country, can have carried out Miss Parallelogram's principles to this extent. You have, of course, your regular out-of-door recreations; but you are not likely to be taking to systematic exercises for physical development, such as promise to become general here—and of these I intend giving you some account.

Gymnastics for ladies—it is nothing less than this decided phase of physical training that I refer to—are not so common in this country as on the Continent, in many parts of which they have been taught for some time past. Even in such close proximity as Boulogne-sur-Mer, where we stayed for a few days last year on our way to Paris, there is a gymnasium attached to the Etablissement de Bains de Mer—that is to say, nailed off from the public part of the gardens, but by no means shut off from the view of the abonnées who may be lounging about. Here may be seen daily a number of girls, both English and French, engaged in all kinds of athletic exercises performed by means of bars and cords, and swings, and so forth. They are clad very becomingly—and I need scarcely say with every regard to decorum—in costumes much resembling those worn in France for bathing. They are, in fact, as completely clothed as they would be in private life, with the difference that their garments are adapted to gymnastic exigencies, and in one particular partake of the 'knickerbocker' character. I was much struck with the sensible nature of the arrangement, and could not doubt what was told us—that the exercise was very beneficial in its results, and especially valuable to girls of weakly frames and bad physical development. I went inside the enclosure (they would not admit my brother Charles, who was with me, on any account) to see the fun. And fun it evidently was to the girls—who disported themselves, under the direction of the Lady Professor, or whatever she called herself, while their mothers or governesses sat and read or did embroidery. I should certainly have gone into training myself, but we

were *en route*, and I had no time; but I was glad to find, on my return to London, that we are not without establishments of the same kind, though of a more private character; and one of these, in particular, I wish to tell you all about.

I first found it out through seeing the book published by Madame B—— reviewed in the newspapers, which bestowed great praise upon her system, and were loud in their laudations of a gymnastic soirée which she gave last year at the Hanover Square Rooms. I went to see her establishment before getting her book, and so was able to form my opinion at first hand; and in this opinion, derived from experience, mamma cordially concurred.

The house—situate in Bruton Street—is quite a private one, and the lower part of it is devoted to the gymnasium. The course of exercises is very pretty to see. The pupils, of all ages, and attired very much like those at Boulogne, begin with a preparatory exercise, lasting for about five minutes, without any gymnastic appliance—that is to say, they engage in certain carefully-selected ‘steps,’ very slow and simple at first, but gradually quickened, and developing into ‘changes’ more elaborate and amusing. Their object is explained as intended to warm the frame and render it pliable for the second course of instruction.

This is commenced by exercise with the chest expander, which is also rudimentary, and, like the ‘steps,’ analogous to the scales which pupils play on the piano-forte. The chest expander is simply a cord of india-rubber, twenty inches long, with a handle at each end, and warranted not to break with any amount of strain. You can fancy the varied manner in which this is employed—over the head, forward, backward, &c.—for the purpose of exercise; and the movements, I should not omit to add, like *all* the other movements at the gymnasium, are made to the sound of a piano in an inner room, so that the effect is quite festive in character, and thoroughly enjoyable. The next exercise is per-

formed with a wand, between three and four feet in length. This is a further development of the chest expander, being stronger in its effects; and the exercise is performed to slow and quick time. Then come exercises with the wand by two pupils in combination. These movements, of course, give healthy action to a great many muscles, and by contributing to the graceful carriage and development of the arms, ‘enables the pupil’—I here quote from Madame B——’s book, which I have since procured—to escape that great detriment to beauty of form, *a pointed elbow*.

We are next introduced to the dumb-bell exercise, or, rather, it is introduced to us. The pupils march to an adjoining room—their movements, of whatever kind, are made to music—and return with the instruments in question. ‘Are they heavy?’ I ask. The inquiry is answered with a smile, and I am invited to try one. It is only of wood, and may be borne by a baby. The principal of the establishment, I am told, would be ‘shocked’ at placing in the hands of young ladies heavy appliances intended only for men. One of her leading principles is that there shall be no strain upon the strength of any girl, however weak she may be. The intended objects can be gained without any such dangerous tests. The movements with the dumb-bells exhibit much variety, and the pupils go through them singly and in pairs. The swinging exercise with these instruments, I should mention, is considered of especial value, as giving great freedom and elasticity to the arms and shoulders.

There are also exercises with the ‘bar-bell’—a light bar, with a dumb-bell at each end. These and the foregoing belong to one class of movements: another series is then commenced, affording peculiar opportunities for development towards more elaborate exercises.

This series begins with the ‘rings,’ constructed of mahogany or birchwood, and of size sufficient for two pupils to grasp freely, their respective hands being well apart. Here, again, there is much variety.

One of the most noticeable feats consists in the pupils, conjointly in pairs, making the ring to touch the ground, while keeping the lower part of the body erect; and in reference to the performance with the rings, as well as to gymnastics generally, Madame B—— warns young ladies that they cannot expect to go through such exercises if they incline to the deleterious practice of tight lacing, which, you may be sure, she uncompromisingly condemns.

The club exercise comes next. You need not be startled at the sound, the clubs are quite light, and anybody can manage them. The first performance with these is very similar to that with the dumb-bells, and the swinging movement is considered particularly beneficial in increasing the flexibility of the waist—a great help to grace, as any girl knows from her own observation. One of the prettiest exercises is that which follows, with foils. But you must not suppose that you are taught fencing. The time has not come when ladies need learn to fight, though I would not venture to say that even this may not be required one of these days. At present the movements are very similar to those employed in the game of 'Les Graces.' The development which it gives to the body would surely please Mr. Ruskin himself, who, you remember, tells the fathers and mothers of England that their first duty is to look after the physical perfection of their female offspring, if only for the object of beauty, with which health goes hand in hand.

The swing exercise introduces us to a more elaborate part of the curriculum, in which the entire frame is engaged. The swings are very elaborate affairs, and the swingers use them, holding on by their hands, sometimes with their feet in stirrups, sometimes without, and in various ways which—as the critic said of the young ladies' songs—are 'too tedious to mention.' I thought it capital fun, as I have since found it to be; and one advantage is that if you happen to lose your hold, you have not to fall far, and even then alight comfort-

ably upon an elastic mattress, so that the idea of danger is absurd. 'Climbing exercises' belong to a still more advanced stage. You may guess the kind of exercises these are from the nature of the appliances, which are ropes with wooden rings at intervals, rope ladders, and ropes with stirrups. The young ladies, I need scarcely say, do not climb poles, like a sailor or a monkey; and in these, as in other exercises, precision is secured, and safety therefore increased, by the movements being gone through in musical time. The same may be said of the 'jumping, leaping, and trapeze exercise,' which conclude the series. These sound rather alarming, and suggest the idea of female Blondins, and so forth. But there is nothing in them that need scare anybody who has gone through the preceding part of the curriculum, and of course no young lady is obliged to go through any exercise to which she may object. Pupils stand out whenever they please, and 'skip' whatever they please—that is to say, what does not please them.

The word 'skip' reminds me that in an early stage of the exercises the girls skip in reality—with a skipping-rope. This is very pretty to see, and not very easy to do, considering that the piano is going all the while, and that 'time' waits for nobody. The same remark applies to battledore and shuttlecock, which are practised in a similar way, and also to the hoop exercise. The latter is used to make the girls walk well, and marching, with a hoop to manage, to the sound of music, must effect this purpose if anything can. You would laugh to see these juvenile games, conducted with all the order and discipline here displayed, and with a thorough sense of enjoyment, as is evident to the observer.

I should not forget one use to which the gymnastics are put. There is a special exercise for weak pupils, or those with deformed spine—patients I suppose I must call them in this case. The appliances are adopted from the National Orthopaedic Hospital in Great Portland Street, and of course have the sanc-

tion of that Institution. Madame B—— has found them to be highly successful in two cases to which she especially refers.

There is one point, however, that I particularly like in Madame B——'s professions, as contained in her book—she does not profess too much. She is all for gentle and progressive means. It is not practicable, she says, to strengthen weakness, and restore the balance of the human frame, by precipitate action—by any storming of the enemy's camp, in fact. The means taken to gain the end are: First, the avoidance of fatigue as to the exercises themselves; second, the recognition of amusement in connexion with these exercises. So long, and so long only, says Madame B—— frankly, as gymnastics can be made a pleasure to all who practise them, have they any value. How pleasant it is to have enlightened sentiments like these, as opposed to Miss Parallelogram, who imposed that dreadful 'back-board,' supposed to do us good—as a punishment for misconduct! But worse things than the back-board are advocated by cleverer persons than Miss Parallelogram. Thus, we are told, a writer on the subject has advocated—fancy this for young ladies!—the wearing of an iron crown, of from three to a hundred pounds in weight, as a specially important means of educating the pupil into dignity and uprightness of carriage. As an additional recommendation, it seems, this sublime invention is spoken of as conveniently and comfortably padded, besides being charmingly painted and filigreed, to suit the taste of the unhappy wearer! Padded or filigreed, or not, the device is simply diabolical, and no doctor would doubt its injurious effect upon the brain. I suppose the idea has been derived from pictures of Indian women, who gain so much of the grace which belongs to their movements from the habit of carrying water jars on their heads. But the water jars are far from heavy, and any good they do in this way may be best effected by the lightest possible objects. The effect is pro-

duced—as papa says, who has seen hundreds of such girls in India—not by the weight, but from the balancing of something, whatever it be, upon the head, which undoubtedly conduces to the graceful carriage of the body. But there is really no need for any influence of this kind, which is after all only an indirect one, and cannot be supposed to bring the body into actual exercise. It does not appear that the carrying of anything on the head—even so mild an object as a teapot—enters into the gymnastic curriculum referred to, which seems to me, and to mamma also, complete without any such adjuncts. A leading principle which it exhibits is in prescribing a special class of exercises for ladies, who cannot be expected to go through the feats performed by men, even were it desirable that they should do so, and in making a distinction between ladies and ladies as regards their physical capacities and requirements. Exercises which may suit one girl may not suit another, and individuals are separately provided for here in Bruton Street, as well as the sex generally. I need scarcely add that the gymnasium belongs to ladies alone, and that you are not likely to meet a man on the premises unless he happens to be a doctor.

There, my dear Clara, I have told you all I know—or, at least, all that is essential—concerning the latest practical development of the ideas concerning the physical education of girls which have been for years past urged by Mr. Ruskin and others. It is difficult to get people who do not make themselves acquainted with the practice, to agree even to the theory of the matter. But some are of course enlightened, like myself and mamma, for instance, and the other patrons of the gymnasium; and foolish people, in this respect, are becoming sensible by degrees. Some persons still seem to think the exercises unfeminine and unladylike—they cling to the pet words of Miss Parallelogram—but upon what grounds? To put an analogous case. There is no prejudice against young ladies riding

on horseback—nobody, I am happy to say, has tried to take from me my beautiful Gazelle, who carries me in the Row in such a way that I am always in danger of being taken up—by those odious mounted police—for the fashionable offence of furious riding. Now I would give up all the gymnasia in the world for my horse; but I am bound to say that, had I to sit in judgment as a dispassionate person—which I am not, and never shall be—between riding and gymnastic exercises, I should pronounce the former just as feminine and ladylike—you see I cannot avoid those unpleasant words—and far less dangerous of the two. It is mere nonsense for girls who go through as hard work in the saddle as their grooms, to complain of gymnastic exercises as too violent; and the question of danger resolves itself into this—that the gymnasium ‘apparances’ can’t run away, while the horses can. Moreover you must be in public to enjoy a ride, while even that proverbially difficult person known as ‘the most delicate lady,’ may be sure of privacy—as far as the other sex is concerned—at the gymnasium. Of the two things, I repeat, give me the horse; but the

alternative is not necessary. The two are pleasures apart, and those are most happy who can partake of both. My object in comparing them is simply to put to shame those who may possibly approve of riding, but consider gymnastics—once more let me use the words—unfeminine and unladylike.

I know, my dear Clara, that when you come to town a very short experience will lead you to agree with me in this, as in most other matters. Your education ended at Pallas House, and has therefore been much neglected. Mine, under happier influences, has happily developed in a rational manner, though if some people call me a Girl of the Period, in a ‘Saturday Review’ sense, I can only—in the language of my brother Charles, who is practising for Parliament—hurl back the insinuation with the contempt it deserves. Do, dear Clara, come to us as soon as you can, and put my ideas to the test. Bonnets are worn— [We suppress the remainder of the letter, as likely to convey little information to the public].

Believe me, always,
Your attached friend,
AMADEL.

IN CLOVER.

I'VE made myself a nest
Where the grass is all in flower,
Where the wild rose sheds its leaves,
Where the great ox-daisies tower.
I watch the butterfly
Roam all the wide field over,
As lazily I lie
For once at least in clover.

The swallows skim and dip
Around me and above me;
The wild doves in the copse
Murmur as if they love me.
I hear a voice once dear
In every blackbird's whistle,
And even in the chirp
Of the goldfinch on the thistle.

I am lord of these domains
For a summer hour at least,
And I bid the fairies come
To the revel and the feast.

From the honeysuckle's bloom,
 From the bell of the foxglove swaying,
 From the cup of every flower
 Where the little elves are playing.

My pipe by my lazy hand
 Burns like a gunner's fuse,
 When the dead men trampled lies ;
 And see, there over my shoes
 The ants, an eager host,
 Are bent upon invading,
 Fierce, ruthless, hot, and keen,
 For conquest and crusading.

Between the wiry stalks
 Of grasses gaily dancing
 I see shy creatures peep,
 And fairies' quick eyes glancing ;
 Small monsters climb and pry
 Upon the cowslip blossom,
 Clinging like sailor boys
 When the sou'-westers toss 'em.

The dragon-fly with wings
 Of silver gauze is darting ;
 The midges circling waltz
 In greedy anger parting.
 In the brook that near me flows
 The yellow lily's swimming,
 Where just beyond the mill
 The fuller stream is trimming.

Close by me in the field
 The dappled cows are browsing,
 And there on the king-cups gold
 The sleeping bee is drowsing.
 As the fairies will not come,
 At least in any number,
 I'll steal just half an hour
 For a little dreamy slumber.

I feel like a man enchanted
 By these summer sounds and sights ;
 Titania, come to me,
 Crowned with thy glowworm lights.
 Come in the sunlight dim,
 And kiss me as I'm sleeping ;
 Already thy fairy guards
 Their secret watch are keeping.

I fall from cloud to cloud,
 Down a precipice of dreams ;
 Deeper than ever Vulcan fell —
 I see strange lands and streams ;
 When all at once soft lips touch mine
 (It's a fact that I am stating),
 And the sweetest voice you ever heard
 Says, ' Darling, tea is waiting.'

RIDDLES OF LOVE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MISS BELTRAVERS AND HER ADMIRERS.

THERE was no handsomer house at Garden Reach than that occupied by Mrs. and Miss Beltravers. Garden Reach is the Richmond of Calcutta, and a few years ago, before a certain deposed prince had invaded the place with a townful of followers, was the favourite suburban residence of the Calcutta people, whose villas, with gardens sloping down to the waters of the Hoogley, were the pleasantest objects seen by new arrivals in the river. Between acquaintances made on the journey out, and a few found ready made in Calcutta, those ladies were, not long after their landing, surrounded by a very fair selection of society. The *burra bebes* of the City of Palaces were a little—what shall I call it, shy?—in the first instance, of the new comers, who might be well known in the Mofussil, they said, but had no recognised status in the Presidency, and occupied the anomalous position of being their own protectors. People did not exactly say that it was not quite respectable to die, so they handsomely excused the late Mr. Beltravers; but they seemed to infer that it was not quite *comme il faut* for the two ladies to be left to themselves, and they had heard that there was some mystery connected with Mrs. Beltravers, who, it was whispered, had formerly occupied a dependent position in the house of her husband. The latter supposition led, as may be supposed, to some critical consideration of her fitness for the rank she now assumed. There was certainly a something about her manner that was not quite right, remarked one fair critic; a kind of *je ne sais quoi*, remarked another, with suggestive felicity; a little underbred in tone, enforced a third, venturing nearer to the point. The fact was, that there was nothing in Mrs. Beltravers's manner to warrant any such idea. It was in every respect that of a highly-bred lady; it had never been questioned in the capitals

of Europe; and I suspect that even in Calcutta, where people are accustomed to a certain pattern style, it would never have been questioned but for the lady's beauty; and it must be admitted that both Mrs. and Miss Beltravers were highly aggressive in this aspect, and owed an explanation, as strangers, of what they meant by it. But for their wealth they would, I dare say, have been even more sharply questioned; but money is an element of respectability in Calcutta, as in other places, and after all nobody could find anything to say directly against them. They were let down therefore very gently; but it is probable that their house would have been principally frequented by men, but for the care which Sir Norman Halidame took to find them a few friends to begin with. There was a difference of opinion, by the way, concerning Sir Norman himself; for a certain scandal concerning him was revived by a few old staggers, women as well as men, and a few heads were virtuously shaken when his name was mentioned. However, men are privileged to create scandal to a certain extent, and a handsome man who happens to be a baronet is not quite out of the pale of pardon. Sir Norman, too, was all right at Government House, and when he told the aides-de-camp that they must call upon the Beltravers' on behalf of the lady of that august mansion, who had been called upon herself in due course, they called as became them, and were charmed with the new arrivals, as became them also. An invitation to dinner followed with Indian punctuality, and the Governor-General's lady, superior to feminine jealousy, was as charmed with her guests as the aides-de-camp themselves, and her impressions were shared to the fullest extent by the Lord Sahib. So in a short time Mrs. and Miss Beltravers became the *môde* in Calcutta, and when people are the *môde*

they can do as they like. The ladies did as they liked accordingly, and nothing more was said, whatever may have been thought, to their detraction. They gave the pleasantest parties, and everybody came to them, and their parties were not merely *burra khanas*, but pleasant little intimate tiffins, and still more pleasant and wonderfully well-managed picnics, and they even ventured with impunity upon balls, which are hazardous in a place like Calcutta to new comers, as they must be well attended if they are to result in anything else than a breakdown. But Mrs. and Miss Beltravers carried all before them, and after a very short time nobody ventured to make the vaguest allusions to their manner, or their style, or to talk any feeble foolery about the *je ne sais quoi* which had puzzled some of the *burra bebes* in the first instance.

Among the most constant visitors to the house were Sir Norman Halidame and the irrepressible Mr. Milward, and certain reports as to their probable relations towards the ladies had of course landed with them after the overland journey. But it would have been difficult for anybody to have detected any change in the position of either of those gentlemen in respect to their fair friends. They were both apparent favourites with the ladies, and were privileged persons to a certain extent; but beyond this it was not easy to assign them a place, and they agreed together, after a few differences, much like a couple of domestic animals who, competitors for favour in the same establishment, exercise towards one another a wise toleration. That a person of Mr. Milward's decided temperament should have submitted to this indignity seems strange; but I suppose he had good reason for submission; and as for Sir Norman, he was so shamefully weak that a lady whom he loved could play with him as she pleased.

Constance Beltravers did play with him, I am afraid. Few men would have endured her treatment, in fact. A Spaniard or an Italian, with half the provocation, would

have fought a dozen duels in sheer desperation, and frightened her into an avowal of one kind or another. But Englishmen—whose affections must be as strong as those of Spaniards or Italians—bear capriciousness much more calmly; and Milward, for his own sake, I fancy, and Halidame, for the sake of his lady love, certainly bore a great deal. They were both very foolish, you will say. Perhaps they were; but our foolish days are the happiest in our lives, and no sensible man will be wise until he is made so.

This kind of thing would continually happen. Sir Norman would call in the morning and offer to ride with Constance on the course in the afternoon. Constance was a magnificent rider, and never looked so well as 'in her habit as she lived' on horseback. She would be delighted to accept his services, but would ride away from him if she felt so disposed with another cavalier—an aide-de-camp or anybody else who might interpose after they were on the ground—and rejoin him only in time to be taken home or put into the carriage; and as Mrs. Beltravers did not ride she was not always able to restrain this kind of wilfulness. Constance treated him in the same manner at balls and picnics, which set in to a mild extent with the cold weather, and made him occasionally the most miserable of men. But there must have been a good understanding between them all the time, or Sir Norman would have taken the dignified part of leaving her to do as she pleased.

'If she be not made for me,
What care I how fair she be?'

he would certainly have said. But misery of a certain kind is a luxurious feeling, and Sir Norman liked it, I suppose, as some men do—with its compensations.

CHAPTER XL. CROSS PURPOSES AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES.

Upon all public occasions about this time Constance was *insaisissable* for serious conversation. She fluttered about like a bird, and you

could not make her say what she meant even when you got her upon a bough by herself. Such at least was Sir Norman's experience. But he had some consolation in finding that, when alone with him, she was more quiet and confidential than upon more public occasions. Yet one would fancy that the crowd of her surrounding pleased her more. She was bright and animated with them as she was not with Sir Norman, and with nobody did she seem more at home than with Milward, whom she ill-treated continually, and of late professed to detest. But there are some people who are not to be put down by mere detestation, and Milward was one of these. His cynical nature, which saved him from feeling, saved him perhaps from seeing also. It is certain that he endured with equanimity as many rebuffs as would have driven Halidame to desperation. And yet, in the long run, he appeared on far better terms with the young lady than his rival. Upon countless occasions when Halidame was estranged through some previous misunderstanding, Milward was found cheerfully to the front, and, whatever mortification he might have received, showed no signs of discomfiture. His temperament seemed to suit that of Constance, who hated being 'taxed,' as she said, about her conduct, and, for purposes of social intercourse, preferred people who gave her no trouble. Milward never 'taxed' her, and he nearly always answered her, for he said ill-natured things of everybody in the pleasantest possible manner; seldom resorted to such dull subjects as literature and art, and never made her think about such things as poetry and romance — 'which are all very well in books,' she said, 'when one is alone on a dull morning, but are a dreadful bore in society. Besides, when people begin by talking poetry and romance they always end by talking love. And I hate love—it compromises one so;' and besides, if society is worth anything it ought not to leave one time for it. It is quite time to think about love when one is tired of everything else.'

Constance developed these views more particularly to Mrs. Beltravers one morning when those ladies were seated in the drawing-room awaiting some friends whom they expected to tiffin. They had more tiffin than dinner parties, by the way, like most of the English in India who are socially inclined and can do what they please with their time.

Constance had been particularly cool on the previous night to Sir Norman, who was plainly piqued, inasmuch as he had just sent a note of excuse instead of coming, as he had promised, to the tiffin. The young lady seemed a little mortified when the note arrived—for she never felt flattered at people forsaking her society, and had a horror of loneliness above all things. But she saw herself—through the medium of an opposite mirror—looking so beautiful that it was impossible to care about a mere man being out of temper. And Constance was not one of those forms of life and light who look extremely well at night, and at no other time. On the contrary, the daylight became her best—in Calcutta at any rate. For the soft air gave transparency to the delicacy of her complexion, and softness to the brilliancy of her eyes. And the ladies could endure a stronger test than many of their sex in India, who, in shutting out the heat, are too apt to shut out the light at the same time, so that they can scarcely see to read. Moreover, the month was January, and the 'cold weather' was at its height—in token of which all the windows were open to admit the genial air, and an apology for a fire was actually burning in the grate!

Both ladies were indeed looking their best, and their presence would have lent a grace to a less charming indoor scene. A Calcutta drawing-room is a very pleasant apartment when people do not try to rob it of its local characteristics, and make it uncomfortably English. That of Mrs. Beltravers was a pattern of its kind—it was so large and so lofty; and so airy, also, now that the *jilmils* were all opened, and established a communication with the

verandah—the matting on the floor was so cool and clean—and the furniture, though padded, and luxurious, and European, had the advantage of not being crowded. There were fewer purely ornamental accessories than would be found in a drawing-room at home; but the cause of symmetry was assisted thereby. And any requirement on the score of knick-knacks was amply compensated by flowers, which were simply everywhere.

Constance was half reclining on a sofa, pretending to read, and had just made the gratifying discovery already mentioned, when Mrs. Beltravers, who, attracted by the noise of wheels, had gone for an instant into the verandah, noticed, on her return, the direction of the young lady's glance, and guessed instinctively what was passing through her mind. So she said—

'Yes, you certainly are looking very well to-day, Constance, and it is a great pity that Sir Norman is not coming to see you.'

Constance was by no means discomposed by the preliminary hint contained in this remark. She thought it quite as natural for a young lady to admire herself as for other people to admire her.

'The idea did occur to me,' she said, quietly, 'that this was one of my best days; but I wish you would not always tease me about Sir Norman.'

'I do not want to tease you, my child; but you must see what I have so frequently pointed out, that he is devoted to you, and I think that you ought to make him a more gracious return.'

'I am sure I am good natured enough to him—sometimes at least.'

'Yes, but at others you are positively, cruel. Last night, for instance, you almost cut him for the entire evening. And the idea of giving the preference to a person like Mr. Milward is to me something absurd. I am very sorry that his regiment is quartered in the Fort—I was in hopes that he was going up country—and quartered here or not I should certainly not ask him to the house but that you wish it.'

'Mr. Milward only amuses me. I do not care about him in the least.'

'So I have always supposed; and the fact makes your patronage of him more puzzling. On the other hand, Sir Norman is one of the handsomest, most amiable, and most accomplished persons I know. He is a baronet, moreover, and an excellent match for any woman who is not obliged to marry for mere money—and that I would never wish you to do, even if you were poor instead of rich. He would marry you at any time if he saw a chance—indeed he has said as much to me—and he will be heartbroken if you throw him off.'

Constance blushed slightly—she was never betrayed into blushing farther than this.

'I have told you before, mamma,' she said, with some petulance, 'that I do not want to throw off Sir Norman. I admire him, I regard him, I think I—but you must not ask me to tell you all—and why do you want me to marry at once when I would rather wait?'

'My dear child, I have no wish to make you marry anybody, or to marry at all before you feel inclined. But if you care for Sir Norman—and there is no doubt he cares for you—why should you not encourage him to come to the point—which I know he is quite ready to do—and make an engagement? a long engagement if you prefer it, though I think short engagements are usually preferable.'

'An engagement—and a long engagement! That is what I particularly detest! No, no, when I engage to marry it shall be to marry at once. I have no idea of going about in society as somebody's fiancée. One is considered as nothing but a bore—people are afraid to talk to you—you have no fun at all—and your companion in absurdity, who is always at your elbow of course, assumes the privilege of giving himself airs, of lecturing, and quarrelling if he pleases, and even of being jealous—before you are married to him.'

'In my time people always thought courtship the pleasantest

part of their lives. Is it possible that a girl can object to have the man she loves constantly about with her, and making her an object of worship before all the world?"

"Ah, that is pleasant enough in sound, but it is inconvenient—you are obliged to be so formal to everybody else."

"But everybody else should not be taken into consideration in such a case. You should live for the man alone—and be as devoted to him as he is to you."

"Yes, and that is just what I object to. I confess, for a time at any rate, that I like to be admired by all the world."

"And to let all the world know that you like their admiration?"

"Well, if you please to put it so—yes. There are not many years of our youth in which we can enjoy society, and I like to make the most of them."

"I am afraid, my child, that you are not in love—at least that you are in love only with society—and in that case I would not advise you to pretend otherwise. But I confess I should have liked to have seen you married to Norman Hali-dame—and I fear that in your present disposition you will miss the chance."

Again there came a flush upon the delicate cheek of Constance; but that young lady was far from being convinced.

"I like my liberty, mamma, that is all," she said, "so pray do not press me just now about Sir Norman."

So the conversation dropped; and presently there came in two or three men to tiffin. Milward was of the number, and there was the addition—for the first time—of Windermere. Windermere had naturally made the acquaintance of the ladies on board the 'Zuberdust,' but he was the friend of Mrs. Beltravers rather than of Constance, to whom he had never paid any attention beyond the commonest of social courtesies. He and Mrs. Beltravers, indeed, were great friends, and his manner to her was so respectfully serious as to be almost tender.

Could it be, asked Constance of

herself, observing the care with which Windermere took Mrs. Beltravers down to the dining-room, that he has pretensions in that direction? Constance did not care for Windermere more than she did for many other men, but she did not feel flattered at his marked preference—she had exclusive ideas in reference to attentions paid in her presence.

Perhaps it was the result of her previous conversation with Mrs. Beltravers—perhaps Windermere's insensibility to her claims to homage had something to do with it—but the fact was that Constance was not so agreeable a person at tiffin as it was her wont to be. Milward tried to make himself amusing as usual, but she would not be amused; and when that gentleman assumed a little of what he considered his privilege, and attempted to take possession of her in dictatorial style, she fairly put him down. That is to say, she intended to put him down; but Milward had no idea of such a process being intended for him, and remained unscathed. So Constance had to put him down again, and this time the work was performed so effectually that—while everybody else had no doubt on the subject—even the gentleman concerned gained a dim idea that perhaps he was not in such high favour with the lady as he had supposed.

While the party were taking coffee, and talking of their impending rides or drives, a horseman pulled up in the compound—he was just visible from the dining-room, which opened upon the verandah—and the next minute he was among them. It was Sir Norman, who had changed his mind. I suspect he had repented of his pique, and had come to make matters up. The idea must have occurred to Constance, for a roseate tint made its appearance upon her face for the third time that day; and she was visibly pleased at the baronet's presence.

"I had forgotten when I engaged to come to tiffin," said he, "that I was obliged to go to the —th mess; but I got away as soon as I could;

and I thought,' added he, quietly to Mrs. Beltravers, 'that Constance—that is Miss Beltravers—would like to ride this evening.'

He had made a much more vague excuse in his note of the morning for his absence at tiffin. It is curious that the mess engagement had not occurred to him. However, no notice was taken of the fact; and Constance, to whom the appeal was presently made, said she would be delighted with his escort—and she looked as if she meant what she said.

Mr. Milward was not asked to be of the party; but he excused himself very graciously by the announcement that he was engaged at the Racquet Court, where there were great expectations of his success in a match.

I have said that Constance never looked better than when mounted, and this evening she looked more than herself. Had she not been a finished horsewoman she would have disappointed everybody who saw her mount. If she had but an intelligent person to put her up—and Sir Norman excelled in this delicate accomplishment—she was ready to start in a moment. There was no struggling into her proper position in the saddle; her habit never wanted pulling about; and the bridle fell between the proper fingers as if it met them half way. She had never been known to drop her whip, even to get a particular somebody to pick it up. She drew the line between legitimate and illegitimate flirtation of the kind. Her bouquet and her fan were always falling into other people's way, but she was never guilty of nonsense in connection with her *cruvache*. I mention this little matter as indicating the high principle by which Constance governed herself—when she chose.

As Miss Beltravers rode off towards the eternal 'course,' accompanied only by Sir Norman, there were few men in Calcutta who would not have envied her cavalier.

When she returned it was nearly dark—twilight is so brief in the East—and Mrs. Beltravers, who had

been taking a solitary drive, had already arrived. Sir Norman helped her to dismount, and then, after a few words of adieu, accompanied by what seemed an unusually cordial shake of the hand, mounted again himself, and waiting to see her disappear among the servants on the threshold, cantered out of the compound.

Two minutes after Constance was in Mrs. Beltravers's dressing-room—her hat and whip were on the floor, and she was folded in the arms of that lady.

Mrs. Beltravers guessed what had happened. 'So you have been a good girl,' she said; 'Norman has—'

'He has—he has,' cried Constance. 'I congratulate you, my love, sincerely, and have every hope for your happiness.' Then came kisses.

'But I don't know, I am not sure—I was taken by surprise—I said—'

'What did you say? Surely you did not—'

'Oh, I don't know what I said at first—but, at last, I said *perhaps*!'

Mrs. Beltravers smiled, and then came more kisses.

CHAPTER XL.

WHAT THEY SAID AT THE PRESIDENCY CLUB.

Sir Norman rode from Garden Reach to the Presidency Club in the Chowringhee Road. There he found Windermere, who gave him an unexpected piece of news.

'I am waiting here,' he said, 'in hopes of seeing your brother Cecil, who, I suppose you know, is in Calcutta. We are old acquaintances, as I dare say you are aware.'

Sir Norman was so occupied with himself, and the dream of happiness into which he had entered, that he did not immediately notice the announcement. Then on a sudden its full significance came across his mind.

'Cecil in Calcutta? Cecil here? Do I understand you aright?'

There was no mistaking the unwelcome nature of the communication which had been made.

'I should be sorry, indeed, if you did misunderstand me,' said Windermere. 'I mentioned your brother under the impression that you would be glad to see him. Pray pardon me if I was unaware of any reason to the contrary.'

'There is nothing to pardon, my dear sir,' replied Sir Norman; 'there have been some family differences, and Cecil and myself are not on the best of terms; we are amicable enough when we meet, but we do not meet more often than we are compelled.'

'Ah, these things are unpleasant. It is to be hoped that you will be better friends some day. Of course I have nothing to do with family matters, and have always liked what I have seen of Cecil. His frank good-nature is very taking, and there is no mistaking the open honesty of his character.'

Sir Norman had his own opinion as to his brother's special gifts, but he merely said—

'Ah, no doubt Cecil has his good points; it would be hard if we had not all of us a few. When is the next mail in, by the way—the English mail?'

'It is due in two or three days. This is Wednesday—Saturday, I think, is the day. Are you expecting friends?'

'One; or, I may say, two. Captain Pemberton, my colleague on the direction of the Great India Amelioration. You may remember meeting him in the city when you first joined us. He is a fine fellow—one of the most honourable men I know. He brings his daughter with him; but I do not know the lady, though Pemberton and myself are old friends. He lived rather in retirement of late in London, and did not take his daughter about, but she is reported to be of great beauty.'

Windermere sighed, and changed the subject. He hated to talk of beautiful women, somehow, of late.

Sir Norman would not stay at the club to dine, for reasons of his own, in which I suspect his brother was somewhat concerned. Where he did dine, or whether he dined at all, I am unable to say. He was

very happy, and went to his own rooms at Spence's to have his happiness all to himself.

The next man whom Windermere encountered was another of the arrivals by the preceding mail—no other than our friend Mr. Manton. Windermere had met him, with his wife, out at a *burra khana*.

'I am not aware where you are staying,' said Windermere, after they had exchanged a few commonplaces, 'or I should have done myself the honour of paying Mrs. Manton a visit.'

People in India lose no time in getting through the preliminary courtesies of acquaintanceship. In England, a couple of men who had so little in common might have met about for years without exchanging any ceremonials of the kind.

'We have rooms at Spence's for the present, and I dare say shall not change while in Calcutta, for I am off to Rangoon very shortly with a staff appointment—lucky to get one so soon; am I not?'

The fact was that Lucy had, a few evenings before, made such an impression upon a great man that he had placed his patronage at her husband's disposal on the spot. There was a slight condition attached to the preferment—that its holder passed a certain examination; but he was allowed six months to do it in, and a man can pass anything in six months, as Mr. Manton complacently observed.

Reverting to domestic arrangements, the new recipient of official honours observed—

'If you happen to come to us after the mail comes in on Saturday, you will have the advantage of seeing, not only my wife, but one of the most charming girls you ever met in your life.'

Why would men talk to him of charming girls? However, Windermere made a decent pretence of being interested, and inquired who she was.

'Miss Pemberton' was the answer. 'They—that is to say, she and her father—are London friends of my wife's. Captain Pemberton does not stay in Calcutta, but goes up country immediately for some company he

belongs to ; and we are to take care of the young lady as long as we remain here. She is certainly a beautiful girl, and you will hear everybody talking of her by this day week. In the meantime I could tell you a great deal about her if I dared—it's a romantic story ; you'd never believe it."

Windermere did not seem to appreciate this decided advantage enjoyed by the story, or he would probably have been told all about the great actress at the Imperial Theatre, and have been favoured besides with a full account of the plot of 'Love and Liberty' ; or the Daughter of the Doge.' For Manton, who had promised to keep the secret, was seized with a feverish desire to impart it. But Windermere gave him no encouragement to confidence. His mind was so full of Miss Mirabel that he could muster up no curiosity concerning any other lady. What a pity that he was not of more frivolous temperament !—he would have learned a secret that he burned to possess ; he would have been raised from the dull earth of despair to the brightest heaven of hope. As it was, he was left with the mere general idea—entirely uninteresting to a man in his condition—that a 'new spin' (Anglo-Indian for spinner), was to be added to the attractions of Calcutta society.

Windermere was, indeed, already reproaching himself for having so hastily left England. But he had—as we have heard it hinted—already exaggerated his leave, and a longer stay at home would have necessitated his resignation of the service. For he had such persistently good health—was so blooming, and cheerful, and strong—that a sick certificate was a contingency not to be thought of. (What nonsense people at home talk about the Indian climate ! Most men who know 'Indians' at all, know dozens like Windermere, as far as health is concerned.) And Windermere, being a man of ambition, was but ill disposed to abandon the career to which he was committed, albeit contemptuous of its pecuniary recommendations. And, moreover, he had heard a rumour in London that the

new actress had abandoned the stage in order to proceed to India, and he had a vague hope that he might be destined to meet her in his official home. You or I would of course have instinctively guessed that Miss Pemberton and Miss Mirabel were one and the same person ; but poor Windermere, I suppose, was made obtuse by his infatuation.

The London rumour about Miss Mirabel, you see, was well founded. And there came a rumour to the Presidency Club, while Windermere and Manton were yet talking, which had equally good authority. The latter rumour was that Sir Norman Halidame was engaged to be married to Miss Beltravers. That such was the fact we happen to know, despite Constance's uncertainty upon the subject ; but how it had got to the club in a couple of hours is a mystery that I do not pretend to solve. In cases of political difficulty, bazaar gossip is supposed to fly faster than telegrams, and it must do so, or news of mutiny or rebellion could never have travelled in the way it has sometimes done anywhere between Peshawur and Calcutta. But it is surely something equally, if not more, marvellous, that a conversation between a lady and a gentleman, which took place without witnesses while both were riding on the course at six o'clock in the evening, should be perfectly well known, in its result, all over the Presidency Club by eight. Sir Norman had certainly not mentioned the matter to a human being ; Miss Beltravers as certainly had mentioned it to nobody but Mrs. Beltravers ; Mrs. Beltravers had seen not a person since to whom she could have communicated it, even had she so desired. The servants of the hero and heroine were on foot, as Indian syces always are, and both lady and gentleman, you may be sure, had ridden well away from them before they began to talk upon personal subjects. Who could, then, have invented the rumour ? I cannot say. All I know is that it arrived at the Presidency Club with the punctuality that rumours always arrive at clubs all over the world—

and that in this particular instance it happened to be true.

The usual variety of opinions were expressed upon the subject. Miss Beltravers' residence in Calcutta had been so short as to give no reasonable time for direct offers of marriage; she had not, therefore, made mortal enemies of any men by refusing them. But several who were leading up to the interesting crisis did not relish the idea of being distanced even in an anticipated race, and expressed themselves cynically upon the event. One man could not see anything in Miss Beltravers; another could not see anything in Sir Norman; a third considered that he was only marrying her for her money, a fourth that she was only marrying him because he had a handle to his name. One amiable gentleman was of opinion that there was something wrong about her; another amiable gentleman would not mind betting that there was something wrong about him; a vague deprecator thought the thing could come to no good; another deprecator, less vague, thought the thing was certain to come to harm: a debauched old beau denounced Miss Beltravers as a flirt; a distinguished insolvent condemned Sir Norman for having spent all his money; a butcher's son, who had got into the service and society, said that Constance was a female cad; a lord's son, who had been cut by society at home, and was trying to get into some sort of position abroad, stigmatized Halidame as a reduced gentleman. These were all persons who knew little or nothing of the high contracting parties, and they might be excused perhaps for supposing the worst. But Milward's position—Milward joined the group late in the discussion—was less defensible. He hinted that he might have been the fortunate, or unfortunate man, had he so chosen, but he had never yet made an offer of marriage, for fear of being accepted. He would never marry in India, he added; the thing was low. Several men who had been trying to marry in India for months or years, as the case might be, endorsed this view of the case as a

convenient discovery. But I will not repeat what everybody said, for fear of propagating scandal. Suffice it to say that a more disgraceful exhibition of opinion had seldom been made at the club upon an occasion of the kind.

Conversation was getting to the bad, and it might have got to the worse, but for an opportune diversion. A basketful of letters, brought by a peon waiting below, was handed up to the party for selection. Native messengers in India, naturally ignorant as regards the directions of the missives with which they are entrusted, send into places like clubs and messees communications in bulk, to be appropriated by their respective addressees. There was a great overhauling, of course, of the contents of the basket, and the men present appropriated the letters addressed to themselves, putting others aside for absent members. The communications upon this occasion came from Government House, and they conveyed the intimation that the Governor-General requested the honour of so-and-so's presence at the Botanical Gardens on a certain date (ten days hence) to meet his Highness the Maharajah of Junglepootanah. No further particulars were contained in these missives; but it was known that the entertainment was to be a fête on a large scale. For the Maharajah of Junglepootanah was a great chief in Central India; his conduct had been a little suspicious in the matter of loyalty in the days of the mutinies, not long since past, but as he had on the whole, with the aid of a special prime minister, borne himself faithfully towards the British Government, he was to be entertained, during his visit to Calcutta, with conspicuous splendour—hence the invitations which were now issued.

I am glad that the Government House cards came to the club when they did, as I might otherwise have been obliged to record very ill-natured remarks, on the part of members of the institution in question, concerning the engagement just rumoured. As it is, you will see that nothing but the most

amiable sentiments were interchanged upon the subject.

CHAPTER XLII.

NINE DAYS OF DELIGHT.

It did not much matter, after all, what the club said. Sir Norman and Constance were satisfied, and they were the persons most concerned. Sir Norman had realized his fondest dreams. He had gained the haven to which he had been drifting during so many long seasons in London—during so many long vacations on the continent—during so many long sojournings in distant climes—during the youth that he had passed in years, but still possessed in freshness. He had fancied when in England that he had merely ‘languished for the purple seas,’ that an escape from his dear, dull native land would satisfy his soul. But seas must be very purple indeed to supply all that Sir Norman needed—and that all he believed himself to have found in Constance Beltravers.

And Constance—I am not quite so clear about Constance. Her apparent change of intention was sudden, no doubt; but it is by no means certain that the sentiments which she expressed in the morning were really her own. I daresay she cared more for Sir Norman than she had believed, and repented having given him pain. And at the very time when his absence induced a return of tenderness towards him, Milward, as we have seen, managed to make a worse impression than usual, and completed the disadvantage which he always experienced in comparison with the baronet. Not, however, that Constance is likely ever to have thought seriously of his pretensions. He amused her; and I suspect that fact to account for all the favour he received. This, of course, must be understood as referring to my own impression in the matter. Far be it from me to say anything with certainty as to the meaning and motives of any young lady—far less of one who, to the uncertainty belonging to her

sex, adds the bewilderment of beauty, and the thorough consciousness of that embarrassing gift.

The state of existence which Constance had condemned in the conversation with Mrs. Beltravers, recorded in last chapter, she now found herself enjoying with wonderful good will. It is curious how custom softens the severest privations. We could never endure this or that, we say; we should perish outright. But things change with us, and the hardship comes as a consequence. The blow is terrible to bear at first; but the load lightens by degrees, and misfortune becomes part of our being. So it was that Constance, who had fancied that she could not live without a dozen men to follow her about, flatter, and flirt with her, found that a concentration of the same amount of devotion in one object is a supportable infliction, and by no means so dull an arrangement as it had been depicted by her inexperienced fancy. She began to discover, in fact, that there are less cheerful ways of passing your time than in the active occupation of loving with all your heart and soul, and being loved in return with all the heart and soul of somebody else.

The mass of flutterers and flatters whom Constance had conceived necessary to her happiness, were disgusted at the manner in which she now received their light and airy attentions. She did not grow grave—that would have been too much to expect in a young lady of her temperament; but she had at her command a grand indifference of manner, and could upon occasion be as cold as a stone. These useful gifts she exercised without remorse, and with the effect of giving a most gratifying amount of pain to the recipients. The hardened among them were, to be sure, wounded only in their vanity; but the more sensitive were made thoroughly miserable, and went about with their lives such evident burdens to them that Constance might have felt as much flattered as the king did upon hearing that a man had drowned himself in his new canal—which the enemies of

the Court had said would never hold any water!

The betrothed couple passed nearly their whole time together, as people in their position are permitted to do in India more than at home, according to a pleasant custom which they have invented for themselves. So Mrs. Beltravers volunteered very little chaperoning; and as for Constance—breathing a new life in the new world to which she had wakened—she felt that she had found what happiness really was, and wondered how people ever managed to do without it.

I am speaking now of something more than a week after that eventful tiffin party—of only nine days, in fact. But nine days is a concentrated eternity to lovers; for it is a great mistake to say that time always seems to pass quickly when you are happy. It does with negative, but not with positive happiness—when you are merely careless and gay, but not when you are actively engaged in imbibing bliss. I hope, therefore, that novelists and others, before committing themselves to the general proposition will learn to make distinctions.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A FÊTE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES— FRIENDS AND FOES.

It was on the tenth day after the tiffin party at Garden Reach, that the fête took place at the Botanical Gardens in honour of the Mahara-
rajah of Junglepootanah.

There was a very large company invited to do honour to the occasion. With a certain exclusive reservation, their name might be said to be legion. But they may be best described, perhaps, as everybody—in the social acceptation of the term, the nobodies only having received invitations to stay away. The entertainment began early, though it was expected to last till late; for there was a great deal to be seen and done beyond the ordinary programme of a ball. Accordingly the guests—conveyed across the broad river in a couple of little steamers provided for the purpose—began to

arrive at the primitive hour of eight; and considerably before nine there was a sufficient muster of persons to keep one another in countenance.

It is a brilliant scene. Not quite what it would be in England, perhaps; not so neat and compact in details, but having advantages of its own in the way of space and effects on a large scale. The beautiful garden, full of tropical trees and flowers, are illuminated with coloured lamps wherever coloured lamps could be placed, for a certain space round the tents; and the tents themselves are similarly illuminated within, and made gorgeous with gay hangings and decorations of various kinds. One is for dancing, another for supper, a third is a boudoir; and a pavilion, a little apart, is devoted to the guest of the evening and his retinue. The grounds would have been light without the lamps, for the moon and stars shine in far magnificence from the clear sky, and put the artificial radiance to shame. Even the fireflies seem contemptuous of their rude rivals, and keep aloof in the shade of broad-leaved trees, where, swarming in restless glitter, they hold little assemblies among themselves.

Among some of the earlier arrivals is a group for whose presence you are not unprepared. It consists of Mr. and Mrs. Manton and our friend May Pemberton, who arrived only a few days ago, and is now making her first appearance in society. She is staying with the Mantons, as we heard at the club, her father having already gone up country.

What a change has taken place in May since we last saw her at a ball! At Shuttleton, on that memorable occasion, she looked beautiful, as we know; but her style has wonderfully developed since that time. She has still her old engaging artlessness, for her simpler charms have not forsaken her. But she is no longer the retiring girl patronized by a provincial society. The soft beaming character of her beauty is still there; but it is more animated, brighter, and more intelligent. She looks like somebody in

her own right now, and ought to be a princess at least. What advantages she has, too, in dress!—dress that she knows how to choose and how to wear. Lucy has no longer the advantage over her in this respect, and, indeed, is in every respect at a disadvantage beside her. For Lucy is the same person as of old; she is incapable of change; and when she puts on her little affected manner, in honour of very great society, it sets so artificially upon her, and is evidently the occasion of such constraint, that she is sure to drop it in a very short time, and resume her old character, which suits her far better than anybody else's. I do not know, by the way, why people should be condemned for affectation of manner; it surely shows a desire to please, in the first place, and a modest self-depreciation in the second—and these ought both to be amiable qualities.

The ball-room was getting crowded when our party entered it; and on every side attention was directed to May. For Calcutta, though a large place, is not so large as to give new faces a chance of passing unnoticed. Many are seen after the arrival of every mail, in glimpses on the course, or in private society if you happen to meet them; but the majority pass away up the country, and it is not always that they are to be encountered in a general assembly. Besides the interest attached to novelty, there was a special cause why May should attract attention; and between the one inducement and the other, the curiosity concerning her was immense. She was evidently from home, was the general decision; anybody could see that she had not come down country by her English bloom. The latter quality, by the way, was objected to by some ladies, whose tastes had been formed in Calcutta, where pale complexions are regarded as distinguished, though a few people keep their roses in ostentatious defiance of public opinion. The name of the new beauty, where known, did not afford much information; for Captain Pemberton was remembered but by a few in the City of Palaces,

where captains in the abstract are not of much note. Lucy, who had been a whole fortnight in advance of her friend, was comparatively at home, and knew dozens of people in the room; for acquaintances are soon made in India, and she was the kind of person to meet them half-way, while her lively charms—though thrown into the shade by the splendour of May—were such as to secure for her a very flattering following. So between the one attraction and the other, the Mantons became wonderfully popular on short notice; and even stray men who had only met Manton at the club, paid that young officer a degree of attention such as is seldom accorded to the despised rank of an ensign. It did not occur to Manton that perhaps he was regarded only in the light of a medium; and he took all the attention paid to him as so much homage due to his social claims and position in the service; so you may guess how happy he was, and what an agreeable fellow he made himself under such conditions—his principal duty being to introduce people right and left to his wife and his guest, and to cause those ladies to fill up their cards of engagements with reckless rapidity.

Among the first men who intruded themselves upon the party were Mr. Milward, of the —th foot, and Mr. Cleverley, of the Civil Service. Milward, with his usual selfish sagacity, attached himself to May; while Cleverley, with adaptive cheerfulness, addressed his conversation to Lucy. The conversation was of rather a conventional kind at first. Milward, who did not disdain to be dull when the occasion demanded it, asked the usual current questions, and took acute interest apparently in the replies. He began by asking May how she liked the overland journey.

'I was never more pleased,' she answered; 'it was such an entire change to me, and we had beautiful weather all the way. But I should have liked to have stayed longer, and have seen more on the route; it is cruel to take people on at the rate they do, merely on account of the mails. But the majority of the

passengers seemed to think otherwise, and were never contented with the rate of speed, or contented indeed with anything—though they were very pleasant people on the whole, and as agreeable as you could hope strangers to be. They cared little about the places they passed through; and their main object seemed to be to have all their comforts and amusements in the same manner as at home. I forgave them, however, for such fancies as theatricals, and must confess that it is wonderfully pleasant in a soft, bright climate, and on a smooth sea, to have dancing on deck. I believe there was a little quarrelling, but that seems to be a necessary pastime upon such occasions; and by way of compensation there were some matches made up on board, which I hear is a proceeding quite as common as the quarrelling.

Milward asked the next categorical question—how Miss Pemberton liked India?

'Well, you take me at a disadvantage after only a week's experience. I have not made up my mind even about Calcutta, which, however, is undeniably a grand place. Everything seems on such a large scale, that everything in Europe—at least in England—must appear on returning to be dwarfed by comparison. Even the sky seems larger, and to have more space; and the moon and stars—you cannot fancy them to be the same as those we see at home—are glorious. Our countrymen here, too, all seem such great people compared with what they are in England, and impress one with the idea of the power and importance of our own country, such as could be gained by no other means. It is wonderful indeed that a few English people should live among so many millions of foreigners, govern them, and dictate to them in the minutest matters.'

'With the chance of an occasional mutiny,' suggested Milward, with his usual reluctance to leave anybody under too favourable an impression of anything.

'Truly; but the troubles we read of at home two years ago—is it so much?—were a test of strength, if

anything could be, and show how strong the English power must be, even when taken at its worst.'

'I wish you would impress your sentiments upon some of the croakers in the clubs at home, and a great many more out here, who have a belief, which I think they would not lose for worlds, that we are all to be turned out of the country very shortly—at least as many of us as can escape.'

'Oh, I am no politician; but I think it is monstrous for men to talk in such a manner—thank you very much, but my card is quite full; I hope you are pleased with Calcutta, and are to be stationed here as you hoped.'

The latter words were addressed to a gentleman who had claimed the privilege of a fellow-passenger, and pressed the usual ball-room attentions upon Miss Pemberton. The interruption had the effect of diverting the conversation from a commonplace channel—it is very commonplace to talk about the destinies of empires—and bring it back to the heat of the tent, the last opera at home, the merits of mango fish, and the new waltz.

Cleverley got on very well meantime with Lucy; and, as both preferred to talk rather than listen, the conversation never flagged. Cleverley affected Europe in his tastes; and as one of the governing class in India—he was an assistant magistrate—thought himself bound to maintain a diplomatic reserve upon the subject of politics, except to the general effect of lauding the intelligence and loyalty of the natives. Fortunately Lucy was not disposed to draw him upon dangerous ground. She took quite a garrison view of the country, and her theory of government [was drawn from the usual impressions of the subaltern mind. Her general opinions—which, however, she did not urge upon this occasion—were to the effect that people at home knew nothing about India, and were a great deal too considerate for the dreadful black people, who ought to be put down. She was enchanted with Calcutta, and thought it the gayest place she had ever

been in, as it certainly was. ‘It is so charming here in society,’ she added, ‘to see so many military men; the uniforms give such brilliant effect to a ball; and I never know which I like best—the scarlet, like my husband’s, or the beautiful decorations of the dragoons and artillery, or that lovely pearl grey and silver of the native cavalry—which is to be abolished, it seems—or all those wonderful costumes of the Irregulars. But altogether it makes a place like this look very charming.’

Lucy did not remember that Cleverley wore no uniform at all; but fortunately there was no chance of that gentleman being discomfited, for he had a full appreciation of the dignity of a black coat in an Indian drawing-room, and made every allowance for Lucy’s inexperience.

May, who had been dancing, returned at this juncture to the trysting-place of the party, and presently was saluted by an old acquaintance, who caused her some embarrassment. It was Cecil Halidame.

He offered his hand, which she contrived not to take without being too marked in her refusal.

‘I am enchanted to see you again, Miss Pemberton,’ said he; ‘I saw your name in the last list of passengers, and expected to find you here.’

May turned aside to look for her fan upon an adjacent seat, and Halidame followed her, so that their few words of conversation were not overheard.

‘Captain Halidame,’ she said, in a low but decided tone, ‘I must ask you, until your difference with my father is arranged, not to address me when you meet me. Your presence is painful to me, as you may suppose; and my father renewed his injunctions, before leaving Calcutta, that I was to hold no intercourse with you. You will excuse me, therefore, if I join Mrs. Manton, and say no more, except this—that I have to thank you for returning my necklace.’

The ornament was glittering upon May’s neck, and Halidame noticed it for the first time. His confusion could not be concealed; but recover-

ing himself with an evident effort, he muttered something about having been glad to find the opportunity, which had been delayed owing to Miss Pemberton’s departure from Shuttleton. What he would have said next I know not; but at this point May was claimed by a partner, with whom she was glad to cover her retreat. Halidame himself seemed relieved by her departure; but he was destined for still greater discomfiture.

As May disappeared in the crowd, a lady approached him, saying—

‘Why, Norman, I thought you were with Constance—what has become of her?’

It was Mrs. Beltravers. Her next glance at Cecil was sufficient to undeceive her as to his identity with his brother, though the mistake was not unnatural, as the resemblance between the two was more marked than is common in families, and Cecil, for some traveller’s reason perhaps, did not appear that night in uniform.

She was not prepared, however, for the surprise; and turning pale, almost to lifelessness, she sunk upon the adjacent seat.

Cecil’s agitation was almost as great as her own, but he recovered himself sooner. After an internal struggle, which was marked unmistakably in his face, he was by the side of the lady, attempting to restore her by words of encouragement. Then he cried—

‘Marian, Marian! many years have I waited for this moment! Give me one word—one look—to say that we do not part for ever!’

Mrs. Beltravers roused herself by a strong effort.

‘This is too much!’ she said, hiding her face in her hands, as if fearful that the people about should see what was passing in her mind; ‘I must not—I dare not—speak to you!’

And with these words she moved, as quickly as the crowd would permit, to the door of the tent, and passed into the open air.

But there it was almost light as day; and Cecil, who had followed, soon saw her standing in the shade of a plantain-tree.



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'Very odd and remarkable that *Constance* wears no uniform at all; but fortunately there was no chance of that gentleman being discomfited, for he had a full appreciation of the dignity of a black coat in an Indian drawing-room, and made every allowance for Lucy's inexperience.'

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He offered his hand, which she ventured to take without being too much at her ease.

'I am delighted to see you again, Miss Penberton,' said he; 'I saw your name in the red list of passengers, and expected to find you here.'

May turned aside to look for her fan upon an adjacent seat, and Haldane followed her, so that their few words of conversation were not overheard.

'Captain Haldane,' she said, in a low but decided tone, 'I must ask you, until your difference with my father is arranged, not to address me when you meet me. Your presence is painful to me, as you may suppose; and my father renewed his injunctions, before leaving Calcutta, that I was to hold no intercourse with you. You will excuse me therefore, if I join Mrs. Manton and say no more, except this—that I have to thank you for returning my necklace.'

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Drawn by Adelaide Claxton.]

THE NECKLACE.

[See 'Riddick of Love,' Chapter XLIII.]

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He was by her side in a moment.
‘Marian!’ he cried, passionately, ‘do not abandon me! do not treat me with contempt! I have loved too well, it seems; but you did not think so once. It is you who have changed; not I. Why treat me as if the fault was all on my side? Why return my letters?—why refuse to be even friends? And how I have suffered! But you, it seems, console yourself.’

Mrs. Beltravers again covered her face with her hands, as if to hide any betrayal of emotion, and also perhaps that she might not see the speaker—but she caught at his last words.

‘Console myself! This is cruel. What can you mean?’

‘You are here with that man I am obliged to own as my brother. You called me “Norman,” thinking I was he.’

‘It is false—false—false! what you suppose. I did mistake you at a distance for your brother—not expecting to see you here. And I did call him “Norman,”—there were circumstances which have led to us becoming familiar. There are dozens of people about who could tell you enough to satisfy you that there was no harm.’

‘No harm—I dare say not: you once thought there was no harm in calling me Cecil.’ This was said with a sneer that was almost diabolical.

Mrs. Beltravers felt the wound of these words, and cried aloud. But her indignation gave her nerve, and she was now able to say—

‘I will condescend to explain no further. I am not accountable to you for my conduct. Leave me—go. If I have avoided you for years past, it has been for your sake, as well as my own. I shall henceforth think but of myself; and despising you as I now do, I shall be happier than I have been before. I was not aware that you and your brother

were otherwise than friends; but since it seems to be so, I shall at least count upon his protection if you pursue me.’

‘His protection—I dare say!—here came another bitter sneer—“then you can have it at once. “Norman” is coming to you. It would be a pity to spoil such a meeting, so I will spare you my further presence.’

With these words, Cecil turned away into a side-walk, where a row of lime-trees separated him from the festive gathering.

But Sir Norman, who now approached, had seen his retreating figure.

‘What an unhappy man I am,’ he said, ‘to have a brother and an enemy in one. And you know him, it seems.’

‘I had an acquaintance with him once, but I have no desire to renew it. He is *my* enemy, as he seems to be yours.’

‘What mischief has he been hatching now?’

‘I know not—perhaps none at all; but I fear him, and the more so as he seems so bitter against you.’

‘Ah, then he has been speaking of me?’

‘I did not mean that’—Mrs. Beltravers seemed somewhat confused, as if she had said too much—but you told me that he was your enemy.’

Sir Norman took no notice of Mrs. Beltravers’ embarrassment.

‘I thought,’ said he, ‘to find Constance with you. She was with me an hour ago, when she met an old friend of hers, with whom she thought she ought to dance. I have not seen her since.’

‘She is looking for us, I suppose, and is not likely to find us here.’

Saying this, Mrs. Beltravers gave her arm to Sir Norman, and they soon found themselves once more among the tents and the people.



'PUNCTUAL.'

A S late I strolled through woodland ways
 I thought of those delightful days,
 The classic and the pleasant ;
 When gods disdained not upon earth
 To visit men of mortal birth,
 Nor more the peer than peasant.

When as they took their daily walk,
 Oft deities stepped down to talk,
 If wanting conversation,
 With ramblers, such perchance as me,
 And dryads one might always see,
 Beneath each spreading canopy
 Of forest vegetation.

A turn amid the leafy maze,
 Sudden there met my startled gaze,
 A vision of such form and face,
 ' Some nymph,' I said, ' or goddess ;'
 Some dryad or some naiad fair
 Come with her form and radiance rare
 Unwary mortals to ensnare ;
 And yet that dainty bodice,

A trifle modern, and the hat—
 Did dryads wear such hats as that ?—
 Like as Champagne to Massic,
 When mortals they enticed to woo ?"
 The whole costume it struck me too
 Was exquisite, not classic !

And did those nymphs divine produce
 From girdles made for dryad use
 Their delicate Geneva ;
 And restless glancing at it say,
 " Punctual " indeed ! the old, old way,
 I never can believe a

" Promise he makes ; he's always late.
 Punctual ! it's now far more than eight :
 He said he'd come from Twickenham straight.
 Punctual ! it wouldn't be him !"
 And then there came a look of joy,
 O'er that fair face, meant *not pour moi*.
 ' There is his boat, the dear old boy !
 My darling, yes, I see him !'

NOT AT ALL TOO STRANGE.

SOMEBODY has written a novel, *S* with the title 'Too Strange not to be True.' I never read it. Apart from its contents, however, I do believe its author deserves the literary pillory, for thus libelling real life. Such a title implies that the note of strangeness attaching to alleged truths, instead of inducing belief, gives those allegations less the character of reality than if they were not strange. How a presumably experienced observer could undertake to defend that proposition, seems of itself quite too strange not to be true.

Let bygones bury their bygones. But, on retrospecting my personal experiences, I must hold to the precise reverse of what the title in question has implied. Nothing is now too strange to be true. Talk of the troubadours. Gramercy, the romance they went a-roaming to seek was a dreamy vegetable, compared to the sensations treading each other's heels down in these days; and, the deeper we dive into this mysterious nineteenth cycle, the more of genuine sensation would there appear to be bubbling up from it. Whether that appearance come of any specialty in the overwetting of our wits, as youth is distanced, or whether a similar development beset our respected ancestors, as they too advanced in years, are problems possibly beyond the reach of human solution. Certes, the high-wrought intelligence of the age that claims us, the multiplication of wealth and humanity, the locomotive facilities in proportion, the rapid rushing to the world's end and back again on many-fangled errands, our mutual jostling and being jostled, as we walk the nearest street or set foot on the farthest shore, have introduced new elements of sensationalism, and also new stimulants to it. Still, the romance of the day, wonderful in its extent and variety, remains unaccounted for. I incline, then, to the opinion that a period, say the last century, which was unable to discover a middle

ground to delectate it, between the atrocities of Lovelace and the platitudes of Will Honeycomb or Sir Roger, could hardly have had sensations to hand for the asking, much less without it, as we have. Could it? No doubt, the lapse of two centuries provided rather portentous material, in a revolution, a civil war, a London plague and fire, in another civil war, in Marlborough's campaigns, in the Fifteen and the Forty-Five, in the Mississippi Scheme and the South Sea Bubble, the American Revolt, the Reign of Terror, the Irish Rebellion, in Nelson's victories, Napoleon's battles, in Waterloo. But, the convulsion which any or each of those conjunctures produced only points to exceptional phases, and to what touched the actual experience of comparatively very few. It did not deposit sensations plentifully, like groceries, at the door of every monotonous piece of mankind. It did not screw novelistic incident out of seeming commonplace. It did not make the quick-witted feel how their next step in ordinary might tumble them against a personification, who, though outwardly prosaic, was the real stuff for novels; or, that they themselves might any time be called to enact romances, such as, in this generation, prosers alone deem too strange to be true. Now, the real life of to-day does all that. It routes us out in the morning, to feed us with sensational letters, or to starve us without them; it drives us to glutonize over the papers, which we consider dull indeed, unless they reveal an unexpected marriage, or an old acquaintance laid low, or a family disgraced. We are positively so appetized for the sensationalistic, that, rather than have none, half of us would not over care if the other half had drowned itself during the night, provided it bequeathed to the public a 'Full Account' at breakfast, and the 'Latest Intelligence' in the afternoon. Would we? And why? Because we are so wholly selfish? Scarcely such. But be-

cause, likely as not, we may ourselves figure prettily in the newspapers some day, and because daily life has educated our minds to the probability of sensations ambuscading us at every turn. So they do; it may be, with caprice and by disproportionate outmeasurement, universally notwithstanding. The training creates the appetite. But, again, training is what enables us to masticate the sensational food, which swallow we must. Sensations! Are they not continually circumventing our steps round some corner, after we have made an out-of-the-way journey to avoid them? Are they not ever breaking in upon our beautiful plans, and, harpy-like, spoiling them? They can behave like good sprites, and mend our matters, when they list. Yet, much oftener, they boil over with malevolence. Vicissitudes of the peerage? Certainly. But precipitates and sublimes recur, which, in my apprehension, merit greater sympathy. These may make havoc of the heart, or they may wring laughter for their singular realism. They always tide over with interest. I heard to-day of a merchant who answered an advertisement. He wanted a governess to teach his children. The advertiser was his own wife, whom he had unjustly put away. Husband and wife came together again through the accident of that advertisement, he unwittingly preferring her application to those of two hundred or more applicants; and it has ended in their being reconciled, after five years' separation. There is an episode truer than East Lynne, and stranger by a good deal. If it were put in a novel, where is the reviewer who would not criticise the story as ridiculously improbable, much too strange to be true, and its insertion as manifesting ignorance of life? Did any of my readers notice the handsomest bay gelding in the park, last season? The rider of it was a gentlemanly-looking personage with a black beard and moustache, who might have been a hussar officer, so firm and close his seat. Crude facts, however, bear witness to that same

gentleman, now head of a county family, having kept the road opposite Albert Gate, two previous seasons running, in his then capacity of mounted policeman. The former owner of the family property met with a watery grave, as did his two sons and only daughter, by the capsizing of their yacht in a squall down Channel. Great difficulty was experienced in discovering the next heir. But, one evening, when Policeman X had come off duty, and just the day week after his marriage with Lady Hylo's favourite maid, Mr. Flam, the attorney in the case, knocked at No. 44, Belgrave Mews, West, to inform the occupants of the second floor that they were inheritors to 1400*l.* a year. Naturally enough, mounted-police-off-duty manifested disbelief, and slightly chaffed Mr. Flam. None the less, on the worthy solicitor's departure, there ensued a large amount of conjugal sweethearts, seasoned with hysterical crying and laughing alternately, which appeared very excusable under the circumstances, at No. 44, second-floor, Belgrave Mews, West. Before the end of that twelvemonth, ex-Policeman X was seized in fee of his broad acres, and duly became justice of the peace and deputy-lieutenant for Uppshire, and a captain of yeomanry. He takes his place in the Row with ease and dignity; and, assuredly, no one would ever imagine that the well-dressed lady, sitting in her sociable, and attended by her powdered flunkies, had been Mrs. Policeman X, the whole first week of her matrimony, to say nothing of her antecedent lady's-maidenhood in the Hylo household. Thus, not merely we know naught of what is going to happen to our prosing selves, perhaps within the following hour, but we remain crassly ignorant of the multitude of social marvels that have already occurred around us. Full often it strikes me, while ambulating in Piccadilly, floundering about St. Giles, or threading the needle along Cheapside; as I note the dogged ways of one man, and the lack-care step of another; as I read wearing toil in this

face, and noxious leisure in that; as I mark those whose life is before them, those who have left it behind them, and specially those who, bewailing their years of mistake, retain sanguine hold on the future; as I observe the jumbling of joys and griefs; it does oftentimes strike me, that no one street-goer of all could be singled out, whom sensations did not, do not, or will not, besprinkle and envelop. Some people disbelieve sensationalism, their allotted sensations seeming to stand aloof; but, then, suddenly the sensations are down upon them, in compact batteries, in entire armies. Others never pass a day free their lives long. Supposing the right notice bestowed upon sensations of common occurrence, supposing privacies codified and catalogued, why, one month of English lifetime would form a repertory for novel writers. Sensations spare nobody altogether. But, the odd thing of it is, that, as a rule, the persons attacked are not the romancers, but the prosers, and those least apt to take up the interest. See you country-seat in the woods, its chimney-tops just discernible from my railway carriage, as I speed towards Bristol. It was once a lovely spot, and the abode of old English happiness. Viewed close at this present, the house and grounds look truly woe-begone. Yet, does one passer-by in a thousand know the doleful story, not unmixed with compensating bliss either, which it covers? It used to belong to a first-class family, till the Sir John Dean Paul swindle swamped them, and a savage of an uncle set his covetous eyes upon their home of fifty years. Most country-houses include romance; most town-houses also, though the kind of it be different. What nobility in Mayfair, what gentility in Bayswater, what respectability in Bloomsbury, but has its home-tales of strange sensation, if those who know the tales know how to tell them, or if one could only manage a quiet fireside of a winter's eve to listen to them?

Ay, and true romance combines not necessarily with woods, lakes,

rural sceneries, or tapestried drawing-rooms. Too frequently, it sticks to very stupid localities. I dare lay something, that few visitors to town are aware of Blue Street, in spite of its having been domiciled near Holborn for a century or two. The street is clean, but skimpy and gloomy, and an easily-known receptacle of broken gentlehood. Enter at Number 14. Mount up three pair back. A wan yet still beauteous face will peer at you, and anxiously inquire your business. You will see two other spent beauties, probably poring over some manuscript to be copied, or intent on the tatting supplied by 'ladies of limited income.' The proprietors of those wan faces are the Miss Helters, daughters of Sir Godfrey Helter, Bart. Scarcely five years since, they were the reigning belles of Gayahire. You might have seen them at all the meets and races. They led off all the balls and picnics. If there was a thing going in the county, from archery and archaeology down to wholesale hosiery for indigent emigrants, the project would be sure to owe its success mainly to the buoyant energy of the three Miss Helters. They refused half a dozen offers apiece, through fear of leaving their mother at the mercy of their rascally father, whose proclivities had long been preparing ruin for the family, whilst they were merely suspecting some slight losses. The crash gave no forewarning. Taking advantage of the daughters' absence on a round of autumnal visits, the baronet contrived to sell up every stick and stone in the course of a single week. Thence, the old rascal decamped to Paris, having first pocketed the available money, in order to inhabit an apartment overlooking the Bois, with the ci-devant governess of his own daughters, who, by the way, leads him a cat-and-dog life now he has married her. Poor Lady Helter, most estimable and injured of women, died about a year ago an inmate of Hanwell Asylum, where she had been received in a feigned name. But, here you see these young ladies, the last of an ancient race, starving

almost, yet clinging to each other, after four years of terrible privation without one shilling from their former affluence, nor one hope to alleviate their present sufferings. Scant and threadbare of dress, they have gone dinnerless and fireless for weeks and weeks together. Mock friends, to whom the family mansion was ever open, shun them or choose to forget them. Night enshrouds the forlorn Miss Helters. Day may never dawn upon that misery, or fate may indulge fresh caprices, and strand them higher than before. Who dare try to foretell? At all events, whenever I journey eastward on the top of my City Atlas, I always look out for Blue Street, reflecting with heart-felt compassion, that, strange though this one story I happen to know of, the street more likely contains others still stranger, none of which—mercy on us—are too strange not to be true. Positively, I would venture to risk my experiences, so far as to take haphazard the nattiest villa at Norwood, or the loneliest cottage by the Hants sea-board, or the dingiest dwelling in Hackney town, and extract sensations enough out of its real life, to gratify the most greedy devourer of the regulation three volume.

English life abroad? Yes. Two-thirds of our England, has it not steamed Rhineway to Switzerland? Ha! those Rhine steamers, those Drachenfels bridle paths, those Rolandseck wine gardens, those skiffs from St. Goar to the Lurlei and Rudesheim, those balconies at Vevey, those chestnut avenues about Interlaken, those walks with their splendid views round Lucerne, those hotels up the Righi and Pilatus, what a legion of mad loves, gnawing jealousies, sweet conquests, dark despairs, joys and griefs, they must witness each summertide—mostly joys, I trow. Those decks and berths of the P. and O. boats, those state-cabins of the Cunard or Inman lines, nay, those cuddies of the Black or White Balls to the Antipodes, what a myriad of money secrets each out or home voyage must trust them with, soul-stirring

many to joy or grief—mostly to grief, I wot. But, the other third English has surely perambulated a Parisian boulevard.

Who is that stalwart fellow, somewhat grizzled of beard, going into the Café Foy? On his arm leans an olive-complexioned lady, rather given to stoutness, but showing remains of decided beauty. Two fine boys, in Eton hats and jackets, favourably contrasting with their wretched French counterparts in tight uniforms, follow the father and mother. As I pass, I notice a peculiar scar across his left ear and jaw, the momentaneous perception of which makes me grasp the hand of an old chum, formerly a major in Her Majesty's service, lately living in retirement at Tours, and now homeward bound to take possession of a large estate he has succeeded to in Scotland. Jock Ingleton is the name of him, and chequered has been his life. He began at Eton, whence he went out as midshipman in Admiral Haul-taut's flagship to the Pacific station, the which, however, proved anything but pacific to him; for, besides being twice dismasted by Captain Mainbrace, because of his refusal either to betray his comrade middies or to perpetrate a falsehood, he had to cut his way through a mob of rascallions bent on robbing the ship's launch at Lima, and to deliver an unpleasant dig in the ribs with his middy's dirk to a Chilian officer at Valparaiso, who chose to conduct his ugly self in an offensive manner towards the English consul's lady-kind. When eighteen, Jock obtained a transfer to the sister service, in the shape of a commission in an Indian regiment, the dépôt company of which formed part of Chatham garrison. It was there that we struck up our friendship. He had scarcely joined a month, when he well-nigh pulled a court-martial about his ears, from nothing else in the world but a personal objection to being mesmerized by Major-General Sir Tyger Thom, the then commandant of Chatham, who had a crack on the subject. Shortly after, my friend exchanged into the cavalry, and I thus lost

sight of the heaviest of heavy dragoons, till it fell to my lot to lift him down from his charger at Balaklava. Gracious! what a time gone by that does seem! A Russian sword-cut had gashed him shockingly over the head, and, as I laid the poor fellow on the grass, thinking himself moribund, he took a diamond from his finger and a locket from his neck, and begged me to convey them to 'Marietta,' with the message that 'she reigned in his heart to the last.' I sailed the next day, with invalids, for Corfu. And, a fortnight after, I saw Marietta, the daughter of an antiquated Venetian stock, settled centuries back as merchants at Zante. Jock, however, having meanwhile rallied, had himself sent her a scrap of a note. They had first met, it appeared, during his term of service on the Lord High Commissioner's staff. Hot love soon kindled, the Lord High's yacht and the Corfiote Palace effectively fanning the flame. The wedding day was actually fixed, when took place one of the customary misunderstandings of true love. In the middle of it all, came the Crimea. One morning, Jock received peremptory orders to join his corps forthwith. He sought Marietta in vain the best half of a day. Time failed him. She wrote: but, the letter sensationaly miscarried, according to the habit of such letters. So, there they were left, about as miserable a pair of lovers as could be, until the charge of the Six Hundred considerately solved the difficulty for them. My message, and the details I furnished, gave me the unwanted air of an angel from heaven. Still, she demurred. This time, financial pride, or repugnance to burdening him, by reason of her father's mercantile failure, caused the stoppage. As a matter of course, when 'Jocky' came marching home, he endeavoured to persuade his adored one that money ought to have naught to do with marrying. Yet, cruel fate required him to rescue Marietta's father bodily out of a fire, after the fashion of Æneas bearing Anchises, ere he could finally overcome her dread of dragging down the man she loved. I had last

encountered Jock in the autumn of 1856, on which occasion he strangely emerged from the engine-room of an Austrian Lloyd's lying in Ancona harbour, just as I was bidding goodbye to a fellow-tourist of mine en route to Greece. My hirsute friend was then all glee, on his way to claim Marietta. Judging by their looks, I see no change now. So that, if Jock did persuade his bride as to the non-relation of money to love, 'he knew he was right,' and she too. And, well they have stood the proof. Over our claret at the Café Foy, Jock told me how he had been done out of all his fortune by his half-sister and brother; how he had gone, twice, through the Bankruptcy Court; how he had taught English in a French provincial town—he, the dashing aide-de-camp and major of dragoons—while his trusty wife taught music; how he had again come in for a small fortune, and latterly for a very large one. Commend me to Jock Ingleton, Esquire, for the matter of a novel. Mark, though: it would comprise only one feminine unit, a thorough woman, loving as she should love, lovable, and loved.

Let us go shake the hand of the Honourable Harry Talboys, in his dressing-room at the Lyrique Théâtre. There is a man who could unfold some sensational tales with a vengeance. Talboys, after having served an apprenticeship at the Foreign Office under Mr. Stumpy Grumps, was attaché, queen's messenger, secret service, and I know not what-all governmental. But, getting a pious twist, he relinquished no end of brilliant prospects and seceded to Rome, where he took to 'studying for the ecclesiastical state,' as they call it. Next, the Talboys is discovered, sailing up St. Peter's, with a procession of monsignori, arrayed very unapostolically in purple and gold. He saw through that sort of thing, however, time enough to come away whole-skinned. Just as he ungloved again to practical life, the Khabyl tribes were going in for a mutiny, whereupon Harry Talboys makes across to Tunis, pitches his tent inside the Turkish lines, and opens communications with the rebel

chiefs, in his assumed capacity of confidential emissary from Lord Palmerston. That he believed in the reality of his semi-official mission, I can verily credit, although the sole ground he had for assuming it was the silence of the English ambassador to the Sublime Porte, on being sounded on the subject by letter. The amateur diplomats seemed at first to be succeeding so well, that their collapse eventuated rather ungenerously. But, poor Talboys was a man who, at that time, habitually enumerated his Dorkings before their incubation had been completed. As any one might have foreseen, his Greek servant played into the hands of the Turkish general, who accordingly seized the pseudo-envoy of England, and deported him, well ironed, to a frigate in the offing. When the vessel reached the Dardanelles, Calvert, the consul, coming on board and hearing an English voice shouting lustily from the hold, with much ado procured his liberation, on condition of his evacuating the Turkish empire. Nothing daunted, up turned the Honourable Harry, ere long, in an entirely new character at Seville, and, amid the orange-groves of Andalusia, Venus, hitherto untempting, managed to ensnare him in her silken meshes. This is how she worked. One of his characteristic ideas, in migrating to Tunis, had been, to jump out of the Roman frying-pan into the Moslem fire, or, using his own words, 'to put himself bang under the bey,' as the clearest case of despotism extant. The effect was exactly opposite; his deportation not only sweeping his purse clean, but curing him of all isms despotic whatsoever. When he had readjusted mind and money-bags, the goddess did not at once attack in front, but astutely took him in flank, by suggesting lay pursuits as his proper course for the future. She first made him astonish the Seville folk with a half-caste Tattersall's, which procured him the repute of too much riches, and thus excited the envious souls of some neighbouring brigands. The Talboys returning late in the evening from a distant horse fair, in company

with Captain Harty of the Gib garrison, they were on the point of entering the 'bosque de los fuegos,' —a forest of fiery copper-beeches, seven miles out of Seville, on the Cordova road—when about twenty banditti, armed to the teeth, pounced upon them. Another hour, and the two Englishmen found themselves lodged in airy apartments, on the top of a high mountain, with delicious breezes, a delightful prospect by night of the Guadalquivir rolling towards the Gulf of Cadiz, not bad food, and two adorable señoritas to keep them in countenance. The brigands, apparently taking for granted that, sooner or later, their rich captives would be ransomed, left them almost wholly to the treatment of the señoritas, whose capture had likewise been recently effected. Anyhow, the usual negotiations were good enough to stand over, till Talboys and Harty had succumbed to the charms of Esmeralda and Mariquita, who returned the English love with all the ardour of Castille. The brigands watched them so vigilantly, however, discharging their firelocks at the least provocation by way of warning, and the roads looked so frightful for horses, even if theirs could be got possession of, that the two Englishmen seriously doubted whether escape was possible. But, doth not love laugh at brigands, as well as locksmiths? Wherefore, some weeks subsequent to the now lucky adventure, in the dead of the night, when the whole banditti, drunk and worn with fatigue after a day's exploits, were lying asleep round the great fire, Esmeralda and Mariquita noiselessly bolted the doors upon their brigand captors, and stood sentry outside, whilst their lovers gagged the old duenna and saddled the horses. Then, away to Seville on the backs of English thoroughbreds, each cavalier holding his beloved, like Bürger's Leonora, enclasped on the pommel of the saddle before him. The señoritas were real, but reduced, ladies, and two flowers of Andalusia. Their father, a broken-down hidalgo, had taken the well-known Alberga de la Giralda, on the plaza of the cathe-

dral at Seville, hoping to retrieve his fortunes—which he would have done, only that, the very day I quitted his hotel, he died of cholera, leaving those two beautiful girls absolutely alone in the world. Being clever and educated, they thought of the stage; and, at the time the brigands captured them, they were leisurely riding back from Cordova in a one-horse calesa, with the earnings of their first theatrical engagement. Seville laughed indolently at the brigandage, and applauded the gallant escape; but it grinned like a gargoyle at the marriages. What! the city of *autos de fé* intermarry with heresy? The lovers, therefore, migrated to the land of freedom, and here they were married. Harty and his Mariquita have lived and loved together for several years, at their charming seat of Rocks Perch, near Lynton, North Devon, more than one young Harty having been meantime added to the family circle. When I visited them in the spring of this year, Mariquita enthusiastically said, that Lynton equalled any scenery in Andalusia (so it does), while Harty appeared to spend half his time in nursing a shrubbery of copper-beeches, which he has christened ‘bosque de los fuegos.’ It fares differently with Harry Talboys and his Esmeralda, though full as lovingly. His noble governor fumed at the marriage, and straightway cut off his allowance. The truly Honourable, however, was too proud to ask pardon. Consequently, Esmeralda and her husband have ever since been earning their bread, he as an actor at the Châtellet and Lyrique, she as an artiste de genre at the Eldorado. It would surprise you, my reader, if I told you their stage names; for little recks the Parisian world of the sensational history of two of its favourite actors. That night, during the ride down the mountain into Seville, they vowed never to address one another by any other name than *Mi Vida*, and I know from Esmeralda that they keep their vow. A son and heir has come to them, who betokens honour to the Talboys title, but who speaks English and Castilian like two mother-tongues.

Already Harry Talboys is rewarded. His elder brother having been accidentally killed out shooting, I may any day greet my genial actor friends as Lord and Lady Talboys of Talboys. Call me that romance? Yet it is not extraordinary, nor at all too strange to be true for real life; although many would call it too sensational, because too improbable for the pages of a novel.

Being in Paris, figuratively speaking, we may glance at that group of odd ones, who, by means of the boarding-school French of the youngest daughter, are debating the question with an employé of the *Ministère de la Maison de l'Empereur*, as to why they cannot see the Tuilleries on the wrong day. He looks as unsensational as any man ever did, does that painfully fat old gentleman, with his blucher boots, and capacious pockets to his broad-shouldered coat. Wife and daughters, the same. She has got a double chin, and walks like a dismounted trooper; whilst, they sport flaxen hair, splayed features, and prodigiously long necks, but have forgotten their shoulders. The ladies are vested, in the height of fashion; and, to tell the truth, that whole party is trying its very best to do gentility, as far as they know how, poor things. Well, how would you reckon their foregoings at a guess? Old Buffie, for that is he, used to keep a shop in the cheese, bacon, and cheap grocery line, not a hundred miles from Hanover Gate, Regent's Park. He had been in the business on his own account somewhere about twenty years, besides serving his time and assisting; and, with such success too, by dint of honest dealing, hard saving, and low living, as to justify the confidence which animated the united hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Buffie, that they would soon be able to retire on a respectable independence to a freehold at Ealing. Once upon an afternoon, the he-Buffie deep in his molasses, the she-Buffie counting her cheeses, a veteran damsel, dressed in black, and pinched of nose, stepped into the shop, handed a paper parcel over the counter to Buffie, and

saying nervously, 'That's for you, sir,' withdrew in haste. The lady had never before been seen there; and old Buffie afterwards declared that, from her shabby-genteel appearance, he made sure the parcel contained tracts, with perhaps a small order for colza, or double sixes, or Souchong, in view of the approaching Tea-and-Bible at the 'Methodies.' Stupendous yet justifiable was their amazement to find it enclosed, tracts no doubt, but underneath them, in a sealed envelope addressed 'Thomas Buffie, Esq.,' four cheques on Coutts', two of 5,000*l.*, each for the two elder Miss Buffies, one of 10,000*l.* for Miss Bella Buffie, the youngest and the pretty daughter, and another of 20,000*l.* for Mr. and Mrs. Buffie, with a request in the handwriting of the old lady, that all their property should revert, when they died, to Miss Bella, the Buffie having no male heirs. The missus, it is reported, thought 'she should have dropped,' and therefore, snatching at her 'salts,' flung herself distractedly on the little sofa in the back-parlour; the daughters 'went into screams' of idiotic laughter, nearly tearing the mystic documents to bits, in their wild delight at the envy to be excited in the bosoms of the Miss Ruffles across the street; whilst old Buffie himself, neglecting a shopful of customers, recklessly devoted half an hour to rubbing his eyes, blessing his stars, and dashing his wig (in a metaphorical sense, of course). In the upshot, it seemed, that the apparition was a lady, bereft of relatives, and living in the neighbourhood, who wanted to leave her property safe before her death, which she wisely conjectured might not be far off. For this purpose, she repaired to a chemist's, from whom she had been in the habit of making insignificant purchases; but the man of drugs, little boding what he risked, answered a question too brusquely to please her, upon which out she bounced again. Now, Miss Isabella Buffie, who resided under the parental roof next door, chancing at that very moment to be engaged in domestic duties with the even-

ing's milkman, her pretty face, and her sweet temper on being cross-questioned, caught the old lady's fancy; whence, the above-named sensation, which resulted as speedily as the donor could revoke the gift previously intended for her chemist and druggist. Sure enough, black dress and pinched nose did decease that identical week, yet not without the dying consolation of having made some deserving people rich and happy. They duly followed their benefactress to Kensal Green, with grateful hearts under their mourning apparel, and with large white handkerchiefs stuffed vigorously into every one of their five mouths, in a solemn coach drawn by four black-plumed horses. The grocery business disposed of, Ealing was likewise discarded, and Buffie invested in a 'desirable residence, situate at Wimbledon, commanding extensive views over the Surrey hills, and possessing every modern convenience and requisite for a gentleman's family,' as the advertisements described it. Buffie insisted on calling his new acquisition Souchong Lodge, excepting which, it really is a nice place. But, fortune, having once smiled upon the Buffies, by no means abandoned them at their Souchong. In the midst of a review last year of our intrepid volunteers, it so fell out, that one Captain Stanley was wounded by the bursting of a rifle, and had to be conveyed off the field in a bleeding and fainting condition. Buffie, like a patriot Briton, immediately offered the hospitalities of the family mansion to the wounded warrior, who, youthful and manly as he is, found he could not do better than stop in bed there a full fortnight. Such a state of affairs, lamentable as it first seemed, necessitated sundry attentions of a tenderly interesting description, which, before the captain had recovered, were appreciated with warmth in the proper quarter. Suffice to say, that, towards the close of a month, young Stanley, having been supported by his nurse from the couch of illness to the easy-chair of convalescence, rapturously took her hand, and, with tears of love in his handsome

eyes, swore 'he'd be hers, if she'd be his,' to which, the fair Bella (who *has* shoulders, by-the-bye) responded, dimpling, blushing, and palpitating, that 'she would be, if he would promise faithfully to leave those dreadful rifles.' He did leave them double-quickly, as well he might, with Souchong Lodge in prospective. At the hour I write, Bella Buffie, now Isabel Stanley, is spending the honeymoon at the Schweizerhof at Lucerne, where she and her volunteer captain pass for near relatives of our late Foreign Secretary. The Buffie family are not simply satisfied. They are in ecstasies. True, the captain had not a shilling. But, the name, the name. Think of that. Besides, there cannot be a doubt but what Stanley is fourth cousin twice removed to the Stanleys of Stan-Stanley, and that, if two dozen or so of claimants chose to die, he would succeed to the property, which claim, according to old B.'s just remark, is better than no claim at all; not to mention, either, that Isabel certainly 'cared for him,' as her parents delicately put it, meaning to insinuate that she was head and ears in love. Indeed, despite her heavenly disposition, Isabel can rebel; and, on one occasion, Mrs. Buffie somewhat objecting to the captain's impecuniosity, the bride elect stamped her footie, and declared, 'It was a shame, how could he help being poor? She *would* have him, or she'd tell all about the grocery business,' which comprehensive menace failed not to bring matters to a crisis. Stanley has been made heir apparent, conformably to the note in the parcel, as Isabel's husband. The difficulty was to please old B. on the subject of the future patronymic. He had all but executed a deed-poll, altering himself and belongings to Buffie-Stanley of Souchong, when Stanley dissuaded him. It is now settled, that, as soon as ever the grandson appears, a slight orthographic change will take place, and the family be thenceforth known as the Boufels-Stanleys of Stan-Fels House, a device which speaks folios

for the taste, judgment, and ingenuity of the bridegroom from Wimbledon review. That is how the Buffies or Boufels (accent, mind, on the last syllable) stand. Now they have been doing Paris, I incline to prognosticate further sensations for them. To be sure, they have already had their overdue; but they waited a long while, without anything more sensational to bestir them than those spiteful Ruffles over the way. Fancy, you may count it by months only, since old B. dealt in dips, and packed up moist sugar in neat packets of purple paper, the while his faithful missau cooked the family dinner of liver and stale eggs. Would that employé at the Tuilleries, who takes them for des fashionables d'outremer, have been quite so civil had they endeavoured to do Paris in their undress of former days? Not if he knew it.

My reader may hypercritically object, that these sensations are love affairs, which only adjust themselves to the satisfaction of the parties concerned, by the timely death of certain other parties who were stopping the way. Possibly. But realities come here under revision, not fictions. Many novelists eschew sensationalism, lest their novels should look unlike real life. Yet, considered dispassionately, sensationalism and real life prove to be identitities, at least for this and coming generations. 'C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour, qui fait le monde à la ronde,' the Bourbonists used to sing, at an epoch of history when love was far from having the means it now has of locomotion. In fact, if love were to run a smooth course, it would never reach the ideal of true love, as every one knows. What is an unsmooth course, unless a course besprinkled with sensational interest? There are lovers, methinks, on whom non-sensationalized love would too often tend to pall. Moreover, it seems arranged somehow incomprehensibly, that lovers in general should not attain to either all their happiness or all their misery, until they have come into some money or have lost it, by

one or more individuals obligingly dying. Generally, I say, not always. Hence, these samples, I opine, accord sufficiently with the everyday chances of the life we all live, to be both hypothetically and substantially true, their strangeness notwithstanding.

But, while some sensations receive their vitality from erotic sources, and others have death or social ruin as their chief ingredients, there are histories, comprising none of either kind, and which yet reflect sensationalism in its now-a-day aspect as much as any of them. I can produce an instance. The initiatory portions of the story were obtained direct from those who launched its hero on the stream of life. To the veracity of the latter portion, I myself testify.

It may be a quarter of a century, since a Devonshire family of my once intimate acquaintance was cordially invited by certain cousins to pay them a visit at their country seat in the far west of Ireland. Visits, at that time, to that country, whether as regarded the English or the Irish side of the water, although full of romance, differed widely from present journeys thither. The railroad had only got as far as Bristol, westward of which all was in the coach way, and after which came a long sea voyage, followed by very tedious travelling in canal-boats, Purcell's coaches, or Bianconi's cars, according to the part travelled over. In spite of the tedium, everything presented such novelty to my friends Mr. and Mrs. Farcombe, not excluding the house they were invited to, as to interest them exceedingly. This turned out to be three miles from the county-town, in the midst of an immense acreage intended for a park, utterly waste and neglected, but capable of much, as Capability Brown would have remarked, had he surveyed the property a hundred years ago. It was a tremendously big house, weather-slated from top to bottom, and left to run to seed in the Castle Rackrent style. Not a decent piece of furniture, nor a sound pane of glass, nor a door with manageable hinges, could be discerned inside or out of it. The inhabitants made up

for a good deal, nevertheless, by an original sort of heartiness about them; and, Mr. and Mrs. Farcombe having purposely timed their visit with the assizes, during which the judges, barristers, and Dublin attorneys had the run of the premises, many were the scenes of gentlemanlike riot and originality it enabled them to witness. One evening, after my friends had been looking on at a prolonged display of the nationalities in the servants' hall, their host told them they had not yet seen the best of his jiggers, at the same time pointing to a shy 'boy,' who appeared to have slid in by a back-door. A 'broth of a boy' he was, too, some eighteen years of age, rather well-featured, but unkempt as to his locks, Celtic as to his cheek-bones, innocent of a necktie or garters, and clad in a frieze coat with corduroy shorts. There might be go in him; but he sat so gingerly on his kitchen chair, that you could have tipped him off with a feather; and, when challenged to dance by the cooien bawn of the party, he blushed like a girl. Once at it, however, he footed away after a fashion which not only caused his compatriots to cast proud glances at the English folk present, but which led Mr. Farcombe to perceive that the champion jig-dancer had the makings of a man in him. To shorten the story, my friends ended their visit by enlisting Patsy Denis, as not bad raw material from which to model a footman; whereupon, the wild Irishman set out for 'furrin parts,' amid the heartbreaking of a number of Bridgets, and the envy, mingled with secret rejoicing, of a corresponding number of rival swains. I pass over a year or thereabouts, which period Patsy Denis spent at Combe-Farr Manor, near Bideford. Mrs. Farcombe, I remember, used to describe the change during that interval as something marvellous, dating from the exact day of his leaving the land of his fathers behind him. Having a quick ear, he no sooner unlearnt the brogue, than he picked up the Saxon idiom and accentuation, while his manners and general outward man underwent, not a polish

simply, but an actual burnish; so that, at the close of his novitiate, there were few among the Devonian brawnies who had a chance beside him with their buxom lasses. But his sensations were to be of another ken. The Farrecombes went to live on the Continent, first at Brussels, then at Munich, places which in those days people considered farther from home than Vienna or St. Petersburg are considered in these. At Brussels, besides learning conversational French very passably, Patsy took lessons in the violin, also in scientific dancing, and with such proficiency, as to lay not unjust claim to the title which his English fellow-servants bestowed on him, of 'the best galloper in the town.' At Munich, he cultivated belles-lettres and things in general with equal success and notoriety. It may well be supposed, however, that linguistic and saltatory acquirements, though desirable enough in certain stations of life, were hardly likely to make a model footman. Unhappily, too, his ballast by no means adapted itself to his sailing power. Together with progress in the arts, he developed that ineffable conceit which appears indigenous in Celts who rise from the ranks. Till the conceit had fully matured, his airs only served to create a fund of amusement. But, finally, my friends found themselves compelled to nip their man-servant's educational course in the bud. One day, Mrs. Farrecombe rang the bell, and desired him to get ready to take her letters to the post, which was on the point of starting for England.

'Certainly, ma'am,' replied Patsy, in the most elegant Anglo-Saxon, 'certainly, if you par-ti-cu-lar-ly desire it. I should only wish to remark, that it would convenience me to wait an hour, as I expect my German mawster immediately.'

I presume nobody will be surprised to hear that 'the best galloper in the town' had, not merely to post his letters then and there, but to follow them to England shortly after. A rumour subsequently reached the Farrecombes of their protégé having set up a dancing school at Southampton. But

whether Terpsichore had no votaries in that ilk, or that Patsy's genius demanded a more enlarged sphere, nothing certain was heard of him for some years following. For all which, a novel sensation came to hand in due time. Mr. Farrecombe had occasion to call upon a friend, staying at that former refuge for alien royalty in London, Claridge's Hotel, then Mivart's. The visit over, a waiter informed him that his presence was requested in the coffee-room.

'Don't you remember me, Mr. Farrecombe?' said a tall, foreign-looking personage, with a well-bred manner, a wavy moustache and imperial, accosting my friend at the coffee-room door.

'What! not Patsy Denis, surely?' the latter exclaimed.

'Formerly, Patrick Denis,' replied Patsy, with an approach to hauteur—for Patsy it was as large as life—'but now, Mr. Mowbray Mowbray, head hall-porter, groom of the chambers, and foreign interpreter at Mivart's Hotel.'

I leave my readers to conceive the feelings of Mr. Mowbray's late master. I must likewise leave my hero for the present, never having inquired how long he continued to officiate as recognised guide to the crowned heads who resort to England for information. I only here interpolate, that I had myself seen the future Mr. Mowbray Mowbray, when he was under tutelage down at Combe-Farr, which advantage gave me double zest in listening to his after-career, and also put me in a position to unearth a fresh sensation with respect to him, for which no one could have been the least prepared. Many years after the events narrated, a business matter of importance obliged me to make some stay in Paris. Knowing the French metropolis well, in all sorts of views of it, I experienced no primary difficulty in killing my evenings between the theatres and cafés-chantants. But, at length, my business protracting longer than expected, I betook myself of varying the enjoyment by using an influential letter I had obtained to the Faubourg St. Germain. I made

the requisite calls, which were answered by a cordial invite to the salon of Madame la Comtesse de Bonnefoye.

'Charmée de faire votre connaissance,' said the countess. 'Seulement il me manque Mons. le Marquis de Nys, pour vous mettre au courant du faubourg. Il est absolument des nôtres, mais tout le même votre compatriote. Connaissez-vous la famille de Nys? Grande famille Irlandaise, ce me paraît.'

Truth obliged me to confess that I had never heard the name till then. There was Lord Naas, Sir Something MacNeece, a Knee family, and a few other approximate appellations, which with lightning rapidity I mentally rehearsed. A descent from the Irish Brigade? Or a mistake in the name, perhaps? The French are for ever making a mull of our names, are they not?

'Mais, non,' reiterated Madame de Bonnefoye, rather nettled at my ignorance. 'C'est une famille très connue: et, puis, M. le marquis en est le digne représentant, si bien élevé! si spirituel! ah, que je suis désolé qu'à présent il se trouve à la campagne.'

My curiosity began to be desolated also, so that at last the countess promised he should call upon me the moment he came back from his country château. Two days afterwards, I had finished breakfast at the Mirabeau, and was taking a lounging look out of my window down the Rue de la Paix, when I saw an equipage with a silver and blue hamercloth, and lacqueys to match, drive grandly up the street and stop at the hotel door. One of the ministers? methought; or, an ambassador? or, it might be that awful functionary of the Luxembourg, the Grand Référendaire, to whom everything is referred, I presume? But, incontinently, the meditations of my fauteuil were disturbed by the landlord announcing the Marquis de Nys. After we had exchanged salutations and excuses, the initiatory query which I put to myself, as I scanned my noble visitor's physiognomy, was, 'Where on earth have I seen you before?' The marquis, how-

ever, came out with the whole story, promptly and frankly.

'Recognising your name, sir,' he said, when seated, to me, 'I guessed you were the gentleman who used to visit at Combe-Farr, and, as I see I guessed rightly, I have no difficulty in entrusting my adventures to you. As to what and who I was, ça va sans dire. When I left Mivart's, I went over to New York, where I did business fourteen years as a commission agent, for which my knowledge of languages well adapted me. By the end of that time, I had realized a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, being something like thirty thousand pounds sterling. Others would have remained on, to double the sum at the least. But I was not yet forty, and knew the difference of European life. I therefore sold the "good will," and returned to Europe, determined to try and push my way upward. How to get into society, without either antecedents or introductions? That was the question. But, dear me, sir, you little imagine the almighty ness of gold, whatever the tales you may have heard of it. Happening to read Lord Fitzhardinge's case in the newspapers, on whose behalf it was urged that titles of nobility sometimes went with the land, it occurred to me to inquire whether that was not really the case in France. I found it to be so in strict constructive law, though the Code Napoléon has no such provision, and though advantage is now rarely taken of it. My next step was to search for a property, and I soon hit upon one which exactly suited. I bought up a château and land on the banks of the Maine down in Normandy, which had formerly belonged to the Marquises de Nys-Maine, the last of the family having perished by the guillotine in the Revolution. Why, it's the very thing, I thought to myself. De Nys is simply the French for Denis. And, had I not every bit as much right to my present name and title as the descendant of Mr. O'Dillon of Ballybarrow had to become Odillon Barrot; or, as Mr. O'Cavanagh's great-grandson had to call himself

Cavaignac? I then bought a house in the Faubourg St. Germain, which I denominated the Hôtel de Nys. The bait took. In six months I married Madame de Bonnefoye's sister-in-law. And here I am, as good a marquis as any in France, and I may add, without vanity, rather better educated than most of them.'

When the marquis was beginning, my first impulse had been to show him the door. As he proceeded, while amused with his surprising effrontery, I could not but admire the talent and tact he had evinced, as well as acknowledge his perfect right to make the most of his gains, so long as he conducted himself honourably and committed no crime. We became friends. Afterwards, he forsook Paris, or he comes up only occasionally, residing on his estate as grand seigneur of the place. And very well indeed does the whilom Mr. Mowbray Mowbray, aboriginally Patsy Denis, act the marquis, five miles south of Angers, in the heart of the old Chouan country. That I will say for him, from what I saw there the summer before last. Not fifty years of age, and what a life of sensations, love or death not having yet crossed swords with him, that I know of! You will term those sensations 'bought and sought,' my

reader. Only some were. But, whatso the first cause, there go life's realities, stranger than novels, roving about, as though any one might gather them, athwart the boulevards of Paris.

In good sooth, neither Paris nor boulevards are wanting. I would wager to discover as many, every day, in the Strand.

'Here we go up, up, up;
Here we go down, down, down.
Here we go backward and forward,
Up to London town.'

There is more of sensational realism, I take it, in that runic rhythm of our nursery days, than the prosers ever credit it with. Have I not abundantly shown that no one novel has a right to monopolize the title, 'Too Strange not to be True'? My reader asks, who are the prosers? Those people are prosers who view the world superficially, who pay insufficient attention to its endless involutions and evolutions. Now, genius and talent cannot be acquired. But habits of observation can.

Hence, in order to estimate the vast and intricate sensationalism of this age, and to become convinced that nothing is too strange to be true, we have only—*passez moi le terme*—to keep our eyes and ears open.

THE ROMANCE OF MEDICINE.

SHALL we, friendly reader, now indulge once more in some of that quasi-medical talk that once and again I have ventured to hold with you? You understand my kind of talk—that I do not injuriously seek to afflict you with useful information, or with discussion of scientific problems, but seek to treat on its literary side that learned profession which has, or most certainly one day will have, a very strong personal interest for us. From time to time topics of discussion crop up in the medical world which form subjects of general conversation in social intercourse. Now Professor Huxley

startles us with his protoplasms, which reduce all nature to one common denominator. Then Professor Tyndall tells us of the vast clouds of possible germs of disease which we incessantly swallow, and of the cotton-wool method, by which we can make the air of the sick chamber as pure and rarefied as that of the higher Alps. Professor Tyndall has, however, quite failed to satisfy the general mind on the germ theory of disease. Then, perhaps, some new medicine, or some new method of treatment obtains a share of popularity. Men will eagerly discuss all the possible uses of bromide of potassium, or

they will tell wonders of the extirpating power of carbolic acid; or they will go into raptures over the power of the new hypnotic, chloral hydrate, which they will declare—but don't believe them, reader—produces deep sleep, and leaves no after-effect. The doctors are sad people for making a run upon some particular medicine, and for the time being the whole profession becomes empirical in the use of a new and fashionable drug. The chemists complain greatly that, by the time they have ordered in a stock of it, the medicine caprice has changed, and the demand is for something new. We outsiders hear of matters of controversy; and the public, without being able to appreciate the precise force of conflicting theories, takes a languid interest in matters not of remote interest to it, and, at all events, is ready to listen to matters that have any claim of novelty. At the present time English surgeons, of whom deplorably few have gone to the seat of war, are wondering what new treatment of gunshot wounds will be necessitated by the needle-gun and the mitrailleuse. They might introduce from Germany the pleasant method of treating fever patients, by placing them in cooling baths, and in warm weather bringing them out to lie beneath the trees. In reference to the medical aspect of the war, it is remarkable that, even as the Good Samaritan poured in oil and wine upon the wounded traveller, so it seems to be nearly acknowledged as a medical truth that oil and wine make the best part of the pharmacopeia for wounded soldiers. Then there is a ceaseless subject of medical and general discussion, ever since Hahneman threw the medical world into confusion at the commencement of the present century, on the rival merits of homeopathy and allopathy. And to say the truth, the great British public can rarely see safe ground in medical and scientific controversies, and they ever grow hopeless of attaining such ground when they observe in how bigoted and intolerant a way even scientific controversy can be carried on.

I cannot wonder at any amount of scepticism respecting doctors when so much scepticism exists among themselves. Even on that internecine question of allopathy and homeopathy, there are allopathic doctors who treat patients homeopathically, and homeopathic doctors who treat patients allopathically. Doctors grow suspicious of medicines, and often resolutely refuse to prescribe. Surgeons undervalue operations, and confess that their mutilations of the human subject are simply confessions of powerlessness to heal. The present writer is not a medical man, but he has the happiness of conference and correspondence with several medical men of eminence. One of his friends wrote thus to him the other day: 'Medical practice is getting out of the old groove; is still wandering in a sort of maze and in chaotic confusion, awaiting, seeking, searching for a new path . . . You are aware how many valuable, estimable lives are lost by those respiratory diseases, bronchitis, pneumonia, &c., as regards the treatment of which the profession is in a state of utter bewilderment and almost chaotic confusion.' It is very remarkable that, in those diseases enumerated by my correspondent, medicine, as a science, has made the greatest advances, but medicine as an art has been almost powerless. Most of the triumphs of modern medical science have been made in the direction of diseases of the chest, in an almost unerring diagnosis, in the invention of scientific tests, and in methods of cure and alleviation; and yet, wonderful to say, nearly the entire increase of disease belongs to what are called chest cases. One reason is that medical men study the theory rather than the art of medicine, and students rather seek to distinguish themselves in a scientific examination, than to be clinically acquainted with the varying phenomena of disease.

On other grounds, too, there is a great deal of reproach against medicine. The reproach is sometimes made against medicine, that it is allied with materialism. This reproach does not seem altogether to

be destitute of foundation. The Bishop of Orleans tells us that materialism is publicly taught under the sanction of the Minister of Public Education. 'It is triumphant,' he continues, 'in the School of Medicine in Paris. We recollect those wild cries of *Vive le Matérialisme!* uttered last year (1867), at the opening of the session.' Yet we do not see where the materialism can give the *deus nō cr̄dū*. As Professor Tyndall truly says: 'The passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable.' Even Professor Huxley speaks of the well-founded doctrine that life is the cause, and not the consequence of organization, although this admission is strangely at variance with his well-known paper on the 'Physical Basis of Life.' We have now the remarkable theory that matter is essentially force, and nothing but force; that all force is probably will-force; and that force is a product of mind. Materialism has not got it all its own way, even among the materialists. But if scientific medicine is often adverse it is also often an ally to the religious sentiment. But now let us look at medicine on its positive side, and see what a vast *per contra* has to be stated. How beautiful are the words of Galen: 'In explaining these things I esteem myself as composing a solemn hymn to the Great Architect of our bodily frame, in which I think there is more true piety than in sacrificing whole hecatombs of oxen, or in burning the most costly perfumes; for first I endeavour from His works to know Him myself; and afterwards, by the same means, to show Him to others, to inform them how great is His wisdom, goodness, and power.' It is interesting to remember that St. Luke belonged to the same medical school as Galen. Abernethy has a fine saying to the effect that the body reats on a *myriad of elastic columns*. It might be possible to make a florilegium of such striking sayings. It would not be too much to say that some of the most striking contributions to the Argument from Design have been furnished from medical research.

Medicine has, in its own way, as brilliant identifications as can be found elsewhere in science—as in the discovery of the planet Neptune, or the identification of the dinornis. Our readers probably recollect Professor Owen's wonderful identification of the great wingless bird of New Zealand. A sailor offered a piece of bone for sale at some of the scientific museums. They all declined, and one of them irreverently said that it was like a huge marrowbone, such as he had seen at the London Tavern. It was bought at length by Professor Owen. The professor took time for consideration, and then he pronounced an astonishing opinion. He declared that this bone, which was big enough for the bone of an ox, was nothing else than the bone of a bird; and he followed up this statement by one that was more astonishing still—that this bird had no wings. It taxed all one's faith in Professor Owen to credit such language as this. But time vindicated the science of the philosopher. A whole skeleton of the animal was discovered and brought over to this country. So accurate was the professor, that no better name could be found for the bird than apteryx, or wingless one. Quite recently Professor Owen has given a lecture, which will be found in the report of the Zoological Society, based on the interesting fact that more bones of the apteryx—those of the windpipe—have been recently discovered in New Zealand. The professor thinks that the bird must have existed and passed away at a period before the Maories came into the country. All great discoveries in science are related, not remotely, to the special discoveries of medicine. Medicine, and all other sciences, incessantly grasp after the mighty secret of life, which for ever eludes our most searching analysis. Now and then we hear a mighty scientific hypothesis, as when Darwin and Wallace speak of the Origin of Species, or Dr. Winslow propounds the theory of Molecular Repulsion—the theory that duality of forces govern the heavenly bodies—that there is some subtle principle, antagonistic to repulsion, which

exists as an all-pervading element in Nature. Medicine, which absorbs all sciences, has the utmost affinity for the widest generalizations which science can effect. Moral science enters the borders of medicine as much as physical science. Here is a striking sentence which might be looked on as subsidiary to Bishop Butler's argument on Identity: 'Mayer, of Heilbron, pointed out that the blood was the "oil of life," and that muscular effort was in the main supported by the combustion of this oil. The muscles are the machinery by which the dynamic power of the food is brought into action. Nevertheless the whole body, though more slowly than the blood, wastes also. How is the sense of personal identity maintained across this flight of molecules... The oxygen that departs seems to whisper its secret to the oxygen that arrives; and thus, while the *non ego* shifts and changes, the *ego* remains intact. Life is a *wave*, which in no two consecutive moments of its existence is composed of the same particles.' The difficulty is to see how we can make these splendid hypotheses tributaries to medicine as an art. So to speak, the geography of the body is like the geography of the world; through the ages and generations we creep on from truth to truth; but, after all, there has never been any complete scientific investigation of either. When victorious analysis has been carried to the utmost, and scientific instruments have tested every living and dead tissue, if perchance the mystery of life can be unravelled, we can only report, in the words of the earliest and closest observer of Nature, that 'Destruction and death say, "We have heard the sound thereof with our ears."

So much, then, for the strength and weakness, the achievements and the powerlessness of medicine. We have caught a glimpse also of the great arguments it subserves, and the mighty theories of speculation. We feel that the whole subject is immeasurably dwarfed when we come down to the practical aspects of every-day medical science. A medical man told me the other day that his practice virtually consisted

of half a dozen medicines. I expect we can guess what they are. There is digitalis, the great medicine for the heart; opium, so universal a sheet-anchor that a great physician always used to travel about with a box of opium pills in his pocket; the abominable and abhorrent calomel; the sulphate of quinine; the muriate of iron; the iodide of potassium. To these we must add the new remedies of chloroform, bromide of potassium, and nitrous oxide gas. Dr. Sibson truly said the other day at the meeting of the British Medical Association, that side by side with this use of medicine is the study and regulation of the vital forces. It would be well if the human race could understand the copybook truism that prevention is better than cure. We hope the time will come when a knowledge of chemistry, physiology, and vital powers will become familiar knowledge. Nothing is more deplorable than the lamentable ignorance of the most elementary knowledge of the conditions of life and health. Every now and then some extraordinary incident occurs to vary the monotony of ordinary medical discussion. For instance, after Troppman was guillotined, a Paris physician, Dr. Pinel, asserted in a political journal that life remained in the head of the criminal at least an hour after execution. There had also been frightful stories of the heads of guillotined persons biting each other, purporting to come from Sanson, the executioner. One result of this was that some experiments were made at Beauvais on the body of a criminal executed for parricide. The experimenters applied their lips to the ears of the severed head and shouted out the man's name in a loud voice. But there came no muscular movement to any feature, nor any gleam to the lack-lustre eye. Electricity obtained its usual vivid contractions, but these were not significant, as the same were obtained long after the extraction of the brain. The results coincided with results obtained by similar experiments at Mayence in 1803, when also they called out the names of the criminals to the respective

heads. At the present moment a profoundly melancholy interest attaches to death and sufferings on the battle-field. There are medical reports on these subjects during the Crimean, Italian, and American wars. Dr. Brinton, a military surgeon, speaks thus of a young American shot through the heart: 'The right arm was raised above the head and rigidly fixed. The hand still held the cap with which he had been cheering on his comrades at the last moment of life. A peaceful smile was on his face.' This statement reminds us of the language of William Hunter, the celebrated anatomist, when he said, in his last moments, to his friend, Dr. Coombs: 'If I had strength enough to hold a pen, I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die.' We may observe that Hunter's still more illustrious brother died from giving way to a violent gust of passion. We may deeply pity the poor wounded, who are left for hours in the sun where they have fallen; but it is happy to know that for the fallen brave the physical bitterness of death was probably well-nigh annihilated. The experience of our own great military surgeons, such as Macgregor and Gathrie, ought to be carefully studied.

We now pass on to say a few words on the doctors. We have recently had to lament the death of two illustrious men who have made the medical schools of Edinburgh so justly famous—Sir James Y. Simpson and Professor Syme. It is remarkable that one of the last writings of Sir James Simpson, in the '*Lancet*' of this year, relates to his great discovery of chloroform. He gave the single instance of death under chloroform which occurred under his practice, embracing thousands of cases. A medical man told me the other day that in five thousand cases where he had administered he had never seen a single death. Sir James thought that the chloroform had probably nothing to do with the death. He cites various instances of death from syncope under operations without anaesthetics. He mentions a remarkable case in 1847, in

which he had intended to use chloroform, but was prevented, and the patient died under the operation.

'If the chloroform had happened to be used, and this fatal syncope had occurred while the patient was under its action, the whole career of the new anaesthetic would have been arrested.' It is often very interesting to place doctors under examination, or cross-examination, respecting medical matters. The accounts which doctors give of their own illnesses are always extremely interesting. Their greatest difficulty is always to get a patient to give a clear, accurate account of his symptoms. They will certainly endeavour themselves to guard against errors and vagueness. One of the best descriptions of delirium we know is given by Sir Charles Bell, in his account of his own delirium in scarlatina: 'As to the delirium, it was never such as you suppose; especially the first nights, it was rather agreeable. A painter, with a look of self-gratulation, seemed to place his piece on an easel; another, with an air of superiority, displaced the first and substituted his own style; a third frowned and terrified the last, until, in rapid succession, I saw the finest pieces of history, the most romantic scenery—banditti, ruins, aqueducts. Still I had selfish feeling enough to know that this was all imagination, and indicated some exuberance of fancy in which I indulged. By-and-by the same process of fancy became less airy and light in what it exhibited. I seemed to be among legs and arms: a dressing-gown hanging in a corner was a figure in a frowning or contemptuous attitude; a fold of the bedclothes gave the idea of a limb, to which I added what was necessary for the figure. Every absurdity of my imagination I observed to have a distinct origin in the impression on the sense. When the light was vivid, the candles and fire burning bright, the truth of sensation corrected all aberrations. In total darkness, too, I was free of false perception; but in the obscure light of the rushlight on that gray canvas that seemed to be drawn across the vision by the

shutting of my eyelids, the reflex sensation perpetually exhibited the most romantic scenes or the richest ornaments, or the gayest festoons of flowers. Such is the history of my delirium.' This is a brilliant picture, which might rank with the visions of De Quincey. Mr. Charles Reade, in one of his novels, makes his dying hero revive by an infusion of blood from his heroine. This doctrine of transfusion was fully set forth by Dr. Blundell, with cases. Blundell showed that to infuse the blood of one animal into another is fatal, but that venous blood in the human species would revive or resuscitate; and no doubt arterial blood still more if it could be obtained. In most of the experiments, however, the result was not favourable.

Every one has his story to tell of Abernethy. The story of his marriage is a good one. He wrote off-hand to a lady a note of proposal, saying that he was too busy to attend in person, but he would give her a fortnight for consideration. Astley Cooper, I think, lectured as usual the day he was married. We have only heard one opinion from all persons who have had any intimacy with Abernethy, that under that roughest of manners he veiled one of the kindest of hearts. In occasional encounters his patients sometimes had decidedly the best of it. One gentleman went to consult him about a bad pain in his shoulders. Abernethy brusquely said, 'Well, I know nothing about it.' 'I don't know how you should,' was the sharp retort; 'but if you will have patience till I tell you, perhaps you then may.' Abernethy at once said, 'Sit down,' and treated him with the greatest kindness. One day a lady who went to consult him found him extremely uncourteous. 'I have heard of your rudeness before I came, sir, but I did not expect this.' When Abernethy gave her the prescription, she said, 'What shall I do with this?' 'Anything you like; put it in the fire if you please.' The lady took him at his word, laid his fee on the table, and threw the prescription into the

fire, and hastily left the room. Abernethy followed her into the hall, pressing her to take back her fee, or let him give her another prescription; but the lady was inexorable, and left the house. Abernethy's eccentricities are partly to be explained by the fact that he was a great humorist. Beyond this, he had a very fidgetty organization, probably to be explained by some structural flaw in the heart, to which eventually his death was to be referred. His brethren always speak well of Abernethy. Sir Charles Bell wrote: 'I think Abernethy has taken a kind of hankering kindness to me. Yesterday he called, and I chased him from chair to stool round the room, in the way of argument. To-day I dined with him. I have been entreating him to go to a dance with me to-morrow. "No," says he, "they make such a quiz of me." . . . I took my first ride with Abernethy. My companion is quite a peculiar character; but I believe the infection of my delight made him unusually free and frisky.'

In medical science, especially in France, there appears to be a tendency towards positive cruelty. Abernethy absolutely disapproved of vivisection. He considered that such experiments were morally wrong and physiologically unsafe. Sir Charles Bell always asserted the truth that physiology was a science of observation rather than of experiment. He made few experiments, made them very reluctantly, and did not think that he made anything by them. It is impossible to read without the keenest horror of Orfila's experiments on animals by poisoning. A writer in the 'Quarterly' justly termed such experiments *hellish*. All true physiologists are Baconian, and look on diseases as natural laws complicated with circumstances of interference. A disease is a foreign invasion that will run a certain course, and must be dislodged as soon as possible. Sensible doctors only profess to put their patients under the best conditions for recovery; not to cure absolutely. The general practitioner—and it is he, after all, who sees most of life, death, and disease

—can only have the faintest hopes of good from ruthless experiments. As a matter of fact, medical men are exceedingly kindhearted. They illustrate Bishop Butler's law that sympathy is not dulled but heightened, if manifested in kindly action.

I have just been noticing some instances of the way in which doctors have treated royalty. Radcliff told Queen Anne that her disease was nothing but the vapours. 'She is in as good a state of health as any woman breathing—only she can't make up her mind to believe it.' William the Third was told by his doctor that he would not have his two legs for his three kingdoms. Although unfavourable to the doctors, the case of George the Third might serve as an illustration. We are told, in Sir George Ross's diary, of the opinion of the king's medical men in his last irrecoverable mental illness. 'The opinion of the physicians is more than ever confident of recovery, but still uncertain as to time. Dr. Willis has not the slightest apprehension of another paroxysm now. The unanimous opinion also of the physicians is, that a state of some irritation must precede recovery, but that recovery is as certain as anything can be.' There never was a worse guess, except, perhaps, in the case of his son, George the Fourth. That king asked Dr. Wardrop, 'Tell me, Wardrop, honestly, if you think I shall recover.' Wardrop answered that his Majesty must be perfectly aware that any disease of a vital organ like the heart could not be free from danger. Countless instances might be given of the benevolence of medical men. Dr. Hope, when he prescribed flannel to the poor, always used to give them the flannel. Dr. Baillie prescribed that a young lady should spend the winter in a mild climate, and when he knew that she could not afford it, presented her with an adequate sum to defray her expenses. It was a matter of sincere sorrow to him if he ever spoke roughly to a poor man; a fact which may be commended to the consideration of many parish doctors. The most charming trait of

natural affection belongs to our greatest surgeons. Biohat dedicates his work 'à mon père et mon meilleur ami.' It is of a doctor that the pretty story is told that he was gambolling with his children, when he suddenly ceased: 'Let us break off; here's a fool coming.'

Every now and then in the history of a family the case arises in which a consulting physician is called in to the bedside of a sick member of it. I use the expression 'consulting physician,' as that is the ordinary term; but one of the medical journals has rightly pointed out that 'consulted' physician would be the more correct appellation. It is generally a sad and sorrowful circumstance when the great medical luminary is called in. It implies at least that the patient is confined to the bed, or to the sick room. If he were able to get about he would go to the great man's waiting-room instead of incurring the trouble and expense of bringing the great man to his bedside. If the great man be a very great man indeed, you will not be able to see him by the simple expedient of going to his house. You will perhaps receive a card of admission for next day, or you may perhaps be told by a secretary that you may have an appointment for three o'clock on the following Friday. You see your case is not so immediately urgent as it may be in the long run, although it may be chronic enough and fatal enough. The consulting physician is now a distinct order in the medical world; under which term we include, also, the consulting surgeon. He has the highest reputation and the largest gains of any. And it is work which ought to be highly remunerated, as is most certainly the case. He has to work hard, to make long journeys, to incur grave responsibilities, and is sometimes prematurely worn out by his great intellectual and physical exertions. The late Sir James Simpson was sometimes summoned for consultation as far as Geneva or Vienna. The fees given are at times enormous. I heard of a physician the other day who was summoned into a

distant county, where he stayed for a day or two, and was presented with a cheque for thirteen hundred guineas. Perhaps the largest fee ever given was presented to Sir Henry Thompson for a successful operation in the case of the late King Leopold. It was a hundred thousand francs. But one would hardly say that any fee under such extraordinary circumstances was too large. Scientific men on the Continent were not all friendly to the idea of an English practitioner being called in. It will easily be understood that an operator himself, under such circumstances, has mighty interests at stake, and that a failure might be fraught with ruinous results. So great a risk requires ample compensation. The ordinary rate of remuneration is at the rate of thirteen and fourpence a mile—that is, an eight-guinea fee for a twelve-mile railway journey. I have known of forty guineas being given for a visit to Worthing, and sixty to St. Leonards. In cases where railway communication is rapid and easy a mitigated fee is taken. A fee of twenty-five guineas is generally held to be sufficient in the case of a journey to Brighton.

Still it must be owned that the whole question of physicians' fees is hardly resting on a satisfactory basis. Of late years a new system has been devised, called the Manchester system, which aims at securing exacter justice between the public and the physicians. It is best adapted for the country, but its principles might be advantageously extended to the towns. It regulates payments according to the length of journeys, night work, and the means of the patients. As a rule, medical men are exceedingly liberal. They proceed very much upon the principle that the rich should pay as much as they can, and the poor as little as they can. Medical men constantly make large incomes, but they rarely accumulate large fortunes. It is sometimes said, but the reproach is not very often deserved, that they charge poor patients too highly. It is equally true that there is no class which acts more generously in remitting

fees. But patients often act a part towards their doctors which provokes some reproach. It often happens that at the outset of a career a doctor devotes himself with the utmost energy and anxiety to the case of a patient. Not only his skill but his sympathies are keenly enlisted in his behalf. No mere money payment would really recompense him for his pains. And while the man is sick his feelings towards his physician are those of the liveliest and most grateful description. His doctor's visit is an oasis in the desert of the day. By-and-by the man gets well. Then the bitter old adage is exemplified—

'The devil was ill, the devil a monk would be;
The devil got well, the devil a monk was he.'

His gratitude cools at the exact point when convalescence should cause it to culminate. He forgets all the zeal and love shown him, and the medical treatment becomes simply a commercial transaction. The bill is paid, perhaps grudgingly and lingeringly, and perhaps with incredibly bad taste the patient objects to the charges. All this embitters a doctor. He will now think of himself as much as he thinks of his patients. He will charge all that he can charge, in accordance with that principle of enlightened self-interest which is the essence of the utilitarian theory. In this way the doctor called out of town for a consultation asks in every instance, a number of guineas in proportion to the number of miles; although I think the system should be so far modified that the physician should draw a distinction between the five thousand a year and the five hundred a year style of thing. From my own observation I can say that sometimes no such distinction is drawn.

It is a momentous time in the history of a family when it is resolved to have a consultation. We suppose that they are residing in that continuous encircling town suburb with which London is girdled around. Let us suppose that the doctor is going to an extreme distance of the twelve-mile postal delivery. His charge

will be eight guineas, but you may freely give him as much more as you like. It may be that some families in the neighbourhood may hear that he is coming down, and, through their medical adviser, may make an appointment with him, and to them the fee will perhaps be no more than a couple of guineas. It has not been without much anxiety, much careful consideration respecting the selection of a physician that it has been resolved that further help shall be called in. Some beloved member of the family is deeply ailing. The local doctors have given the ailment a name, but it is by no means certain that they have reached the true diagnosis of the complaint. They have, according to the approved routine of art, gone through all the stereotyped practice proper to the case, but the patient is none the better, but rather worse. Then it is resolved that the great Dr. Mungo shall be called in. Some general practitioners are exceedingly shy of the great doctors, and very unwilling to call them in. They sometimes consider such a step to be an impeachment of their medical skill. I once met with a monster of a man who candidly confessed to me that he would much rather let a patient die than call in the extraneous medical advice that might have saved him. Other men I have known—and they deservedly stand very high in public esteem—who make a rule of calling in further advice whenever they meet any symptom that baffles their experience. The plain fact is that there is no want of confidence involved in sending for another doctor. It is a comfort to resolve that if there is a stone anywhere left unturned, it shall forthwith be upturned—often a comfort to reflect that no possible means have been left untried to aid restoration to health. There is the hope, often wild and vague, that the genius, the science, the immense experience of the great Dr. Mungo will strike out a way of safety when all other ways have been vain. The local practitioner will not himself entertain any such hopes. In his secret soul he will probably con-

sider that he is as great a man as the great Dr. Mungo, although he could never afford the necessary outlay for commencing a fashionable career at the West End. He will also argue that for this particular patient he is probably the best doctor of the two, as he knows the patient's constitution; and he will also say that the celebrated doctor is a man of a theory or a speciality, and that he is in the habit of referring anything at all doubtful to his peculiar hobby. Still he is not without a certain kind of flutter when he is called upon to meet the celebrated physician. It is possible that he may revere him in his own mind, and may be glad to pick up a few hints for future practice. Perhaps he has already sent him a long communication respecting this particular case. Perhaps another local doctor has been called in, and there has been a keen professional battle on the differences of opinions expressed, and the great man comes in as an umpire to give a sort of final decision.

He comes, as near as may be, to the hour named, and his tremendous rat-tat arouses the neighbourhood and perhaps boils the patient's blood to fever-heat. Ah, what hopes and fears are probably contending in the poor sufferer's mind, and, even if he keeps calm and subdued, in the minds of those around him who love and watch him with such intense solicitude! It is so very much like waiting for the verdict of a jury. The sentence of life or death shall proceed forthwith. I suppose that a physician can have no keener pleasure than when he allays deadly apprehensions which have been ill-founded; no greater unhappiness than when he has to confirm the worst fears. Scarcely has the loud summons ceased to reverberate when the trap of the ordinary medical attendant arrives at the door. The two gentlemen exchange greetings, and then retire for a few minutes into the dining-room or library. Any necessary inquiries are at once made, and answered, and presently the footsteps of the medical men are heard upon the stairs. Then ensues the exami-

nation, which may be a tedious business, involving stethoscope, laryngoscope, microscope — any of those numerous instruments which the latest modern science has been fruitful in inventing—or which may be despatched very briefly. Then the medical gentlemen retire to confer together. I have known of anxious wives who have quietly slipped down into the back dining-room, and there eagerly drunk in every syllable of the conference. Generally it is brief enough. Medical knowledge is tolerably equalised; and as a rule the general practitioner is acquainted with, and has employed, all the resources of his art. Still the other's larger experience will enable him to suggest some untried medicines or appliances; and though they may not be worth much, yet the novelty of some untried hope will be useful to the patient and make him think that he has not incurred a useless expense. Then the announcement of the opinion will be formally given. The patient is entitled to a full and frank opinion, and he shall have it to the π^{th} , should he so desire. If it be unfavourable, it is, perhaps, best communicated through the sufferer's friends. As a rule the opinion is given as favourably as may be, consistent with absolute truth. Truth is the great requisite; a man would fain die, like Ajax, 'in the daylight.' Of course there are hanging doctors, just as there are hanging judges—men who hold and express the most unfavourable views possible on every case presented to them. They probably think it safest for their own reputation that they should form an unfavourable prognosis. But this is not often the case. If you can really administer hope, you are exhibiting, perhaps, a more valuable medicine than any in the Pharmacopœia. A man sometimes dies of the doctor, especially when the doctor significantly asks him whether he has made his will.

A medical consultation is sometimes fraught with surprises, as when some consulting physician, greatly beyond the average, is called in to assist some practitioner who is

greatly below the average. I have known such cases, as when a man believes he has scrofula, and instead it is only some perfectly harmless ailment; or thinks that he has a heart complaint, and it is merely indigestion. On the other hand, a man who suspects no evil is suddenly informed that he has an aneurism, or the symptoms of an incurable disease are at once detected. There are certain people who live in a chronic state of fidgets about their health; who, like the beggars, are always wanting to exhibit their sores, and who really hug their complaints as the most precious of their possessions. This sort of people afford a considerable amount of aliment to the medical profession. They often require a visit every day while they are well and several visits a day when they are ill. I have heard of a doctor who took his fifteen guineas a day for such visits. A much more sensible plan, which a few wise people adopt, is to pay a medical man a yearly sum, and get him to look up a household periodically and keep them in good health. A rich, nervous patient must not be dealt with untruly, but he will only be indignant if the truth is administered in a crude, unadulterated form. I heard of a patient the other day who was troubled with neuralgia. Neuralgia is bad enough, in all conscience, but he wanted his complaint to be dignified with some rarer title. So, after a formal consultation, the fashionable physician told him that it was his duty to inform him that he was suffering from *neurosis*. 'But here is a prescription,' added the fashionable physician, 'which appears simple indeed, but to which I have given much anxious thought for the last fourteen years.' The prescription was for a little rhubarb and magnesia, or something equally simple. What particularly irritates a patient is that a doctor should ever forget his symptoms; and a doctor guards against this by a plentiful use of note-books, in which he duly enters all particulars. A doctor, on the other hand, is particularly irritated when a patient refuses to take

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his medicine, and indicates, both in fact and theory, that he means to throw physic to the dogs.

A consulting physician ought to be particularly courteous and considerate to the ordinary medical man. Abernethy was called in one day to inspect a sick man's limb. The ailing member was bandaged. 'What are all these wraps?' said Abernethy. Bandages, he was told. 'Pooh, pooh!' said Abernethy. 'It's all very well to say "Pooh, pooh!"' remarked the family doctor, afterwards, 'but that "Pooh, pooh!" lost me a great many guineas.' Occasionally, any amount of curtness by a great man is well deserved. When doctors are either killing you or letting you die, it is right that there should be some active interference. I have heard of a case where the physician found a man given over by his doctors and dying from sheer exhaustion. He called them a lot of hard names, and said that the patient only wanted beef and brandy to recover; which proved to be the case. I heard a case the other day of the following kind: A physician being called, prescribed a powerful medicine for a patient, and directed the effect to be carefully watched. The medicine was improperly made up, and the effect was not watched. Directly the physician set eyes on his patient the following morning he saw that his injunctions had not been carried out. He sent for the dispenser, and had the circumstances investigated. There had been an error, which might have involved the patient's life, in making up the prescription, and the attendant doctors had omitted to watch the case. The physician used exceedingly strong language, and any one was welcome to know what language he had used. The medical man in fault of course thought his conduct ex-

tremely unprofessional; but I believe that public opinion in this case would entirely be in favour of calling a spade a spade.

There is, indeed, no phase of medical life so important and dramatic, and which appeals so feelingly to human sympathy, as the medical consultation. I would recommend the great artists who study so carefully the interiors of our modern English homes, to transfer to canvas some of the scenes which it suggests. To the consulting physician himself the time of the consultation is a great moment. All his previous life and training have been tending to this point, and the patient is one more book in his living library. No medical case exactly reproduces another medical case—no two blades of grass, no two human countenances, no two fiery sunsets are precisely the same. He has to meet each case as it arises, and to concentrate, as in a focus, on this one sufferer, all the rays of his science and intelligence. To the ordinary medical attendant it is a moment fraught with the utmost importance. The new medical opinion will, perhaps, place him firm on his accustomed pedestal, or practically hurl him down. The relatives around await the news with an anxiety rarely surpassed by the receipt of the most thrilling telegraphic news. Frequently the patient himself is the most unconcerned while the angels of life and death are in conflict around him. The consulting physician is sad at heart—until he turns the corner of the next street and visits the next case. It is not that he is by any means callous—indeed, as we have seen, the sympathies of most medical men are both keen and finely balanced—but he knows that on such conditions we hold life, and by these he himself wins his livelihood.



IN THE AUTUMN.

THE sere leaves whirl across the lawn,
 The garden trees are dun and red,
 The yellowing showers regretful fall
 Upon a maiden's golden head :

As with clasped hands she paces slow,
 And tearful eyes, the shrubbery walk,
 Her face untinged with roseate glow,
 Her voice uncharmed by lovers' talk.

Ah, Nell ! what wouldst thou give that thou
 Unsaid hadst left those bitter words ?
 Thou call'st in vain on *bis* dear name—
 Thine only listeners the birds !

Thou think'st thou canst recall the dream
 Of love, thou dreamt in spring-tide hours ;
 Vain hope ! Can summer bring again
 The scent of last year's faded flowers ?

No, maiden fair ! the bloom once brushed
 From off the fruit, is past recall ;
 The rose, once gathered, knows no more
 The sunshine of the garden wall.

Thus young and fair oft trifle with
 The happiest hours of human life ;
 And she who breaks a score of hearts
 May never know the name of ' wife ! '

Weep, broken lily !—Lovely still,
 Some proud man's breast thou might'st adorn,
 Reap as thou sowest. Gone the rose,
 And thy white breast must bear the thorn !

A. H. B.



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THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

VACATION TRAVEL.

THIS frightful war, certainly the most guilty and horrible of all the wars of our day, perhaps of all wars upon record, has, among its countless minor evils, baffled many an intending tourist and spoilt many a hard-earned holiday. Atrocious culprits, lying under sentence of death in our jails for foul murder, are in comparison almost as innocent babes compared with the conspirators against human happiness who are deluging wide regions with wholesale butchery. It is almost maddening to think of the glorious Rhineland, with its treasures of the vintage and the wheat harvest, with its glorious river sweeping past many a fortress rock and many a pleasant hamlet, where on summer evenings I have strayed through peaceful villages, and have witnessed harvest festivities with their simple homeless joys, should be given up to the dogs of war, to havoc and destruction, and all the hellish inventions of wholesale murder. The very thought of the war is awful and appalling, and makes us long that God's curse may alight upon the man, whoever he may be, who is responsible in His sight for all this carnage and misery. The Emperor truly said some years ago that any war in Europe must be civil war; but civil war has never produced—not even in France itself, her special seat—such immorality, lust of conquest, and vile passions as this interneccine war which France has declared against Prussia.*

We had been accumulating a collection of this season's books of travel, and making our annotations thereon, with the intention of seeing how we could best utilize them. A book of travels is always the best help for an intending tourist. But now many people, instead of going

* These paragraphs were written at the commencement of the month of August, and are retained as embodying the common expectations respecting the war.

abroad, will be content to sit at home and read books of travel instead. A great stream of continental tourists is turning backwards, and the tourist is diverted from all his customary haunts. In two directions this altered condition of things will be perceptibly felt. Some persons will restrict, but others will enlarge their travels. Home travel will be extended, and enterprising travel will also be extended. We cannot tell whether the seat of war may not be enlarged. Belgium and Holland may soon cease to give 'em a free passage to the Continent, and even the neutrality of Switzerland may not be respected. But it may reasonably be expected that the watering-places that fringe our own island will be crowded, and that the foolish people who have hitherto neglected our own lakes and mountains will this season be content to investigate them thoroughly. The Continent has no monopoly of fine scenery, and the perfection of beautiful scenery may be seen in this country. Those who have lounged their holidays away in capital cities, and have traversed no wilder country than the Black Forest, will now perhaps take a wider sweep of vision, and follow the example of royalty in extending their tours to India and America. Let them discard their conventionalities, and indulge both curiosity and courage. They will not perhaps do much on the Continent; but there are other continents to travel in, and the stream of enterprising tourists, who were beginning to calculate at what expense of time or money they could go round the world, will be largely augmented.

As we look on this season's library of travel, we begin to think there is no country so distant but it will receive some additional travellers, and each favourite English spot will welcome an increased horde of

tourists. The other night we 'assisted' at a conference at a clerical friend's, where he was mapping himself out a journey through India, embracing a cursory view of China and Japan. It is hardly necessary to say that he had already done the Rocky Mountains; and there will now be an intensified rush along the Union Pacific Railway. It would be interesting to make out a catalogue of the number of books which this railway has produced. The spectacle is so wonderful that we can well understand the production of any number of books on the subject. Those rods of iron on the ground, with the wires overhead, have changed the whole continent. The railway is the true pioneer of civilization. In America it is in the van instead of in the rear of civilization. As it advances, first the village, then the township, then the city springs up. The boundless prairie stretches away as the sea; and passing strange is the sensation as day after day you steam along. You may have the excitement of warfare with the Indians, or you may hunt the antelope on the Rocky Mountains. We will not, however, group these travel-books together for discussion, as their number is large, and doubtless the friendly reader has somewhere made his selection. It is to be regretted that the literature of travel as respects our own colonies is, in comparison, very defective. In America everything is on that grand scale which strikes the imagination, especially the imagination of the philosophical Radical. We believe, however, that on such a subject as emigration, such a colony as the Canadian province of Ontario offers advantages with which no American state can compete; and such a book as Miss Frere's gives a pleasanter account of Australian life than the Far West can display. We sincerely trust that, now the Continent is partially closed, the tourists will visit our colonies and give them abundant illustration with pen and pencil.

By-and-by we shall have a shoal of volumes on the war. The Abyssinian war produced a little library; indeed the books were so numerous

that, with every desire to do justice to Lord Napier's matchless strategy—and Lord Napier is one of England's best hopes in a future war—we gave them up at last. All the discarded correspondents who have been turned out of camp, will nevertheless chronicle their experiences and opinions in that forcible-feeble style for which newspaper correspondents are so justly celebrated. They are, however, a necessity, and they have developed a peculiar style of their own. While we are waiting for the future books of special correspondents, we will take a glance at those which they have written, and their way of writing.

Dr. Chalmers, when a young man, was very anxious to learn French. He wondered how he could best acquire the language, and he ultimately resolved that he would teach it. Accordingly, he formed a class for French. Every evening a lesson was given, and every morning the lecture was duly crammed up by the lecturer. At the end of a time the lecturer handed over the pupils to a Frenchman, who remarked that the grammar was good, but the pronunciation was simply diabolical. Now it is precisely in this way that books of foreign travel are often written. There is some clever man who knows little or nothing about a country. He forthwith determines to write a book about it, with the object of acquiring some information on the subject. I once knew something of such a man. Every year he used to visit some fresh country, and write a book about it which paid him his expenses. There was, of course, something that was well done about it, but the pronunciation—or what is equivalent to pronunciation—was simply diabolical.

Mr. Edward Dicey reminds us of such an individual. But it is all perfectly plain sailing about Mr. Dicey. He went out to the East for an express purpose, and he has accomplished his purpose quite satisfactorily. We will look at his work, although the Eastern question is for the present overshadowed, assuredly to emerge again. He has a keen and trained eye for observation, and shares in that gift of expression

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which is so largely poured forth on every side. He went out as Special Correspondent for the 'Daily Telegraph,' and had to do special talk about the Empress and the Khedive, the Suez Canal and M. Lesseps, besides all the stock talk about Constantinople, Cairo, and Jerusalem. A writer in a daily paper must be content to produce only a most fugitive effect. He must be content to gain in diffusion what he loses in force and concentration. His efforts die in their birth, and their first breath is their last. He is read by many thousand people, but perhaps does not permanently affect the mind of half a dozen. Still we are not sorry that the writings of so intelligent and fair-minded a man as Mr. Dicey should be gathered into a permanent form. He has given us his first impressions, which are often more true than second or third impressions. His portrait of M. Lesseps is very vivid, and so, in fact, are all his impressions; but of course they must be taken at their worth, as hastily and imperfectly done. Mr. Dicey writes essentially from a 'Daily Telegraph' point of view. One sees an amazing instance of this. Of course, after Jerusalem and Bethany, he went to see something of the Wilderness of the Holy Land. The readers of the 'Daily Telegraph' are all familiar with the political reference to the Cave of Adullam. He therefore sets out for a visit to the cave—which is, of course, a great hit—and gives an interesting account of a whole labyrinth of caverns, in which any number of David's discontented friends could have found accommodation. The journey into the wilderness is essentially cockneyish. He has a French iron bedstead beneath a marquee, writing-table, washing apparatus, and for dinner soup, fish, two courses of meat, sweets, fruit, and coffee. He gives a good description of the Jews' wailing ground, where the despised Hebrews hide their faces in the crevices of the wall, which they bedew with tears and kisses; and he is keenly alive to everything scenic in the Holy City and the Holy Land.

He well exposes the hypocrisies, the lying legends, the backsheesh of the place; but he only faintly reproduces the feelings which have always made Jerusalem the centre of the world's spiritual life, and have given it such a predominant interest for the keenest-minded men. He has not a word to say of that Palestine exploration which is concentrating modern investigation on the historical problems which the city presents. We believe that Mr. Dicey's *confrère* of the 'D. T.,' Mr. Edwin Arnold, would have done this part of the work infinitely better, though not even the 'great' Sala himself could much have surpassed Mr. Dicey.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon's 'Free Russia' * is going through the customary number of editions which falls to the almost annual work of travels issued by this voluminous writer. The book has been very severely handled, but we question whether it has received full justice. Mr. Dixon, like Mr. Dicey, only writes superficially, and he is, of course, obnoxious to severe criticism from those who know the subject thoroughly. An acute 'P. M. G.' critic, of the kind of which the late Lord Strangford was an eminent example, can find it tolerably easy to point out a long list of blunders. The general controversy shows clearly enough that Mr. Dixon's somewhat rash style of writing has led him into a large amount of error, and unwary readers are liable to be impressed with erroneous ideas. But if they will just put Mr. Dixon's book into the same category as Mr. Dicey's, and read it as the vivid, life-like impressions of a clever man who has made immense journeys, and has tried to do a great deal in a little time, they cannot fail to spend a few hours very agreeably, and to get a rough general idea of the present condition of things in Russia. It is not too much to say that, previous to the appearance of this work, people had only a very vague idea of the vast organic revolution which has been accomplishing

* 'Free Russia.' By W. Hepworth Dixon, Two vols. Hurst and Blackett.

itself since the accession of the present ruler. The change of serfs into freemen, the vast results of the Crimean war, the leading aspects of the Russian church, the statistics of law, government, and territorial distinctions, are graphically sketched by Mr. Dixon, in a style which, we confess, is unpleasant to us, but which, nevertheless, has the effect of winning and retaining readers. We can very well conceive that a much better book than 'Free Russia' might be written; but until this better book appears, we shall think Mr. Dixon has issued what is, perhaps, the most important of his works.

Brittany may almost be called home travel now. For those who delight in the contemplation of still-life and enjoy picturesque uneventful travel, there is nothing pleasanter than to work up the Breton district; and probably no war-inspired fears would extend thither. Brittany has evidently a great charm for many men, and is a district that grows upon one. There is always some new book, or new magazine article about it. We may mention Mr. Musgrave's new work on the subject, and 'The Pardon of Guincamp,' by a more thorough and careful writer, Mr. de Quetteville.* The reader is probably also acquainted with Mrs. Bury Palliser's work on Brittany. The intending tourist will of course read his book, which is quite one of general interest. No social life in France shows so unsophisticated and kind as in cheap, good, and simple Brittany. We perceive that another gentleman is putting in a strong claim for Lapland as a desirable place for summer resort.

But, taking a broader view of travels, we are extremely glad to give a hearty welcome to such travels as those of Mr. Arthur Adams.† In a simple, hearty way, he is a most devoted naturalist, and,

* 'The Pardon of Guincamp; or, Poetry and Romance in Modern Brittany.' By the Rev. Philip W. de Quetteville. Chapman and Hall.

† 'Travels of a Naturalist in Japan and Manchuria.' By Arthur Adams, F.L.S. Hurst and Blackett.

after the manner of his kind, he thinks no pains too great for the acquisition of curious knowledge. His ruling passion is the love of beetles. The scientific element, which chiefly lends a permanent value to a book of this kind, will be, we can readily conceive, rather teasing to the general reader. Sentences like the following are extremely common: 'When the madrepores were brought on board, I had them broken up with a hammer, when the shells fell out and were carefully collected; in this manner I obtained specimens of Jouannea globosa, Parapholus quadrizonalis, and Leptoconchus, red-brown boring Lithophagi, gaping Gastrochene, besides parasitic Arks and other nestling bivalves.' Now this is all very well for the enthusiastic naturalist, but is rather beyond the average Britisher. Mr. Adams' personal experiences and his sketches of the country are full of interest. We quite shudder for him when he tells us how, when bathing, the gannets swooped on as to threaten his eyes, and he saw the dorsal fins of the sharks in the water. The Manchurians are like the old Tartars, of whom an old traveller said: 'They never wash any clothes—nay, they beat such as wash, and take their garments from them.' The Japanese drama is rather peculiar. A play will last for several days, and several plays will go on in rotation.

Major Milligan's 'Wild Life among the Koords' is a book that merits distinctive mention. It is the best book on the subject since Xenophon wrote his 'Anabasis.' Major Milligan gives us extraordinarily strong and minute evidence on the perfect accuracy of Xenophon's narrative. He gives us an elaborate argument to demonstrate that the garden of Eden corresponded with the high plateau of America. He thinks that the Itinerary of the Ten Thousand affords an admirable example to all military men of the manner in which an officer ought to reconnoitre a country. He gives a very unfavourable character of the Koords, as inhospitable, cruel, and deceitful. Here is a singular kind of highway

robbery practised by the women of the country :

'The culprits—the brigands—are in this case young women, who set out on plundering pursuits, in order to turn a dishonest penny. A troop of fair bandits take up a station at the river, there particularly to wait for the arrival of the doomed traveller. As soon as the *vedettes* announce his approach, the fair troop starts off to meet him, welcoming him with dances, and with fiery glances of irresistible power. He is compelled to stop, as a matter of course, and the fair maids then politely request him to alight from his horse. No sooner has the bewildered victim, unconscious of his fate, put his foot on the ground than he finds himself at close quarters with the whole troop. Immediately he is stripped of all he has on his back, and is left in that primitive state in which Adam was at one time.' In spite of this unfavourable trait in their characters, Major Milligan, nevertheless, speaks very highly of the Koordish women. They have a freedom of action which would probably satisfy the highest aspiration of Mr. Mill. She is the equal mate of her husband, and often the very life and soul of any political action he enjoys. When he first saw the Koordish lasses he owned that their easy and simple bearing, their fine forms and blooming countenances, produced a powerful effect upon him. Henceforward he devoted himself with great energy to the investigation of the subject of the fair sex. He saw one hour, but is, unhappily, compelled to lay down his pen in despair of doing justice to her beauty. 'What I can say is, that her complexion gave one an idea of what must have been the bloom of the forbidden apple of the terrestrial paradise.' We are glad to find that the young lady found all the demonstrative admiration too much for her, and rapidly 'skedaddled,' 'leaving our hearts in a state of profound emotion.' Major Milligan devotes many pages to the *quasi*-devil-worship of the Yesids. It seems, in fact, to be a kind of Mani-

cheism. 'The Yesids infer that as, in the long run, it is doubtful whether God or Satan will get the upper hand, logically they endeavour to conciliate the latter.' Accordingly they never allow the devil to be mentioned disrespectfully. The peacock is taken as the symbol of Lucifer.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK AND NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.*

We proceed now to two books which may appear to be oddly bracketed, but which are both related, not remotely, to these questions of travelling which we have been discussing. Nathaniel Hawthorne's Note-book is, in point of fact, a book of home travel; Sir John Lubbock's is, in one point of view, a book of travel in savage countries. The American tells us all about his English experiences; the Englishman has gone through the library of distant travel, and tells us everything about savage countries. Mr. Hawthorne's book will be useful to those who, during the war, prefer to stay at home; Sir John's to those who will now take a wider range, and will visit unfeasted regions. Mr. Hawthorne's book is just such a one as Elihu Burritt writes. He treads indeed such frequented ground that we wonder whether it is worth while to traverse it after him; but perhaps it is good for us to look at our own landscapes through foreign eyes, and it is worth while to know a little about such a man as Mr. Hawthorne was. Foreigners may also permit themselves to talk about living personages in a way in which we may not speak of our own distinguished men. With all our admiration for the author of the 'Scarlet Letter,' there is something cynical, unpleasing, and exceedingly self-conscious about him. Whenever he is in a mixed company, he imagines himself the

* 'Passages from the English Note-books of Nathaniel Hawthorne.' Two vols. Strahan.

'The Origin of Civilization, &c. Mental and Social Condition of Savages.' By Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P. Longmans.

observed of all observers. ‘Leaving out the illustrious Jenny Lind, I suspect that I was myself the great lion of the evening,’ is a not uncommon form of expression. Mr. Hawthorne denies altogether that American ladies are less healthy than English ladies; but we think that the weight of American testimony is against him. But Mr. Hawthorne does not at all understand England. Here is a curious view of Oxford life: ‘By-and-by two or three young men came in, in wide-awake hats, and loose, blouse-like, summerish garments; and from their talk I found them to be students of the university, although their topics of conversation were almost entirely horses and boats. One of them sat down to cold beef and a tankard of ale together, and went away without paying for it, rather to the waiter’s discontent. Students are very much alike, all the world over, and, I suppose, in all time; but I doubt whether many of my fellows at college would have gone off without paying for the beer.’ Mr. Hawthorne might have made his mind easy. I doubt not but the waiter was not so unhappy as he seemed. I expect he was paid after all, and that there was no dissatisfaction on the matter. His notices of Newstead Abbey, under the tenancy of Colonel Wildman, are very interesting. The colonel, to his own infinite loss, made Newstead the great showhouse which we have described, very different to the bare, desolate Newstead of Byron’s time. The abbey which Byron describes in ‘Don Juan’ is not his own abbey, but Colonel Wildman’s. The colonel informed him of all his alterations, and had Byron ever returned to England, his first visit was to have been to Newstead. Here is a note respecting Charles Dickens, which will be of interest just now: ‘A gentleman, in instance of Charles Dickens’ unwearability, said that during some theatrical performances in Liverpool, he acted in play and farce, spent the rest of the night making speeches, feasting and drinking at table, and ended at

seven o’clock in the morning by jumping leap-frog over the backs of the whole company.’ We have a curious story on the authority of the last Duke of Somerset that the father of John and Charles Kemble had made all possible research into the events of Shakespeare’s life, and that he had found reason to believe that Shakespeare attended a certain revel at Stratford, and, indulging too much in the conviviality of the occasion, he tumbled into a ditch on his way home and died there! Now and then we find some forcible expression, which reminds us of the clever American author, as when during his consulate he speaks of the New Testaments used by witnesses as ‘greasy with perjuries.’

Sir John Lubbock manifests an extraordinarily large acquaintance with all the details of savage life. Of course he is chiefly concerned to prove his scientific theory; but the whole literature of travel, both recent and remote, is brought under contribution for illustration. We must limit ourselves to the curious subject of marriage. Sir John argues that communal marriage was succeeded by marriage founded on capture, and this led to exogamy, that is, of marrying out of the tribe. He shows that in savage life marriage is generally accompanied by a mock resistance on the part of the relatives, and the wife is wooed by force rather than persuasion. Exogamy made actual capture necessary; but in progress of time this became merely a mock form, though still reckoned essential to the marriage ceremony. Another curious trait of savage life is that relationship is usually reckoned through the father and not through the mother. He fully admits ‘the charms of savage life,’ and there are well-known travellers who regularly ‘lay themselves out’ for flirting with pretty savages. The number of such tourists will now probably receive some accession. The points which Sir John argues are threefold. (a) That existing savages are not the descendants of civilized ancestors. (b) That the primitive condition of

man was one of utter scepticism. (c) That from this condition several races have independently raised themselves. The contrary argument to this, derived from language and ethnology, would even affiliate the Brahmin to the *race Adamique*. This scientific argument is one of the most interesting and important conceivable; and Sir John has given us a vast induction of cases of great importance to the argument, without, we think, demonstrating his case. His best opponent is the Duke of Argyll, whose essays on Primeval Man are as good as his 'Reign of Law.' The Duke actually refutes Mr. Disraeli's assertion that our aristocracy are not intellectual; a perfect mob of them refute it. We will only say that when we compare the England of Mr. Hawthorne with the savage life of Sir John Lubbock, we feel that we cannot bridge that mighty difference by the explanation which Sir John has given us.

ROSES.*

I trust all my readers are true zosarians, a better company than that brotherhood of the Rosy Cross of whom we have sometimes read. I can believe anything ill of the man or woman who does not love roses. Let not such a one be loved! I can conceive nothing happier and pleasanter in the summer months than wandering in abundant rose-gardens, attended perchance by some 'queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls.' There is almost a human interest about the rose. It recalls the pride, the beauty, the pathos of life. As holy Herbert sang—

'Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash passer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in the grave,
And thou must die.'

or, as Mr. Hole quotes him,

'What is sweeter than a rose?
What is fairer?'

But the reader will find a hundred charming things in Mr. Hole's book about roses. All imaginative lite-

* 'A Book about Roses. How to Grow and Show them.' By S. Reynolds Hole, Author of 'A Little Tour in Ireland,' Blackwood.

rature is full of such allusions, down to Mr. Disraeli's pretty touch, 'I have been into Corisande's garden, and she has given me a rose.' Mr. Hole speaks with the highest degree of authority on his charming subject. He has loved and studied roses for some twenty years; he has won some thirty cups open to all England, and he was the originator of the first national rose show. This last circumstance brought him into an intimacy with the late John Leech; and Mr. Hole had the enviable privilege of receiving some two hundred letters from his illustrious friend. His book, indeed, has some most charming touches of egotism, that kind of egotism which is so delightful from an author's pen, and is so wearisome from an author's lips. The great literary charm of the book will be patent to all who read it, while the oldest rose fancier may gather some useful hints, and the youngest tyro will enthusiastically dream of growing roses by the acre.

Mr. Hole thinks that you may commence your rose-planting operations on the slender foundation of a five-pound note, or let us allow a margin, and say eight pounds. In consideration of a sum, for which you could hardly give a nice little dinner at Greenwich or Richmond, you may indulge in the permanent gratification of the finest and most elevated pursuit. While he gives a genial welcome to foreign roses, he is sure that 'nine-tenths of the most perfect roses which have been grown and shown have been cut from the British briar,' a fact full of encouragement to the intending rose-grower. But he will have plenty of arduous work to encounter. Mr. Hole gives a list of all the roses which he ought to have, and emphatically underlines those which he *must* have. He has actually travelled a thousand miles in order to perfect his catalogue. We are glad to see that he strongly objects to the absurd title of a cabbage rose, so long applied to the beautiful rose of Provence. He tells the ardent disciple to plant five hundred sticks from buds of his own in November. 'Give your order—and any labourer

will soon learn to bring you what you want—towards the end of October. I have myself a peculiar but unfailing intimation when it is time to get in my briers—*my brier-man comes to church*. He comes to morning service on the Sunday. If I make no sign during the week, he appears next Sunday at the evening also. If I remain mute he comes on week days. I know then that the case is urgent, and that we must come to terms. Were I to fancy the Manetti instead of the brier, my impression is that he would go over to Rome.' It will be seen that Mr. Hole is a clergyman; and there is something in the best sense clerical in the cheerful, kindly, simple, unaffected manner in which he writes on roses and all the pleasant subjects which roses suggest. He says of the judge of a rose show that 'he should regard his office as a sacred duty, not only because justice and honour are sacred things, but because there seems to be a special sanctity in such beautiful handiwork of God; and to be untruthful and dishonest in such a presence and purity should be profane in his sight as though he lied to an angel.' The varying emotions of the candidates for prizes are very prettily sketched. The rose has always smiled on him, 'but what will papa say, i.e., the judge? When next the suitor sees his sweetheart, will she bring with her the written approbation of his suit, even as Miss Wilson returned from the one Professor, her father,

to the other Professor, Aytoun, her lover, having a slip of paper pinned upon her dress, and upon that paper the happy words "with the author's compliments." Mr. Hole justly ridicules the judge of roses who is appointed because he once won a prize for cucumbers, or because the mayor knows his uncle. Competent knowledge and perfect integrity are demanded by the true rosists from their arbitrators.

At this season the flower shows are multitudinously held all over the country. In all of them the rose is pre-eminent, and some shows are for the rose alone. Surely it is among the happiest signs of the amelioration of our times that in our towns the love of music, and in the country the love of gardening, is more and more becoming a passion for the populace. Mr. Hole mentions that in Nottingham alone there are some twenty or thirty thousand people who take an interest in gardening, and have some share in the allotments of garden lands. He points out the gentle and ennobling effect which this last has upon the poor, and gives an example of the happiest kind of democracy, in showing how these poor men, in their love of nature, become in the best sense gentles and nobles. We trust that we have put in a timely word, and that before the autumn months set in many of our readers will be making preparations for commencing a rosary in October or November, the one good time for planting.

